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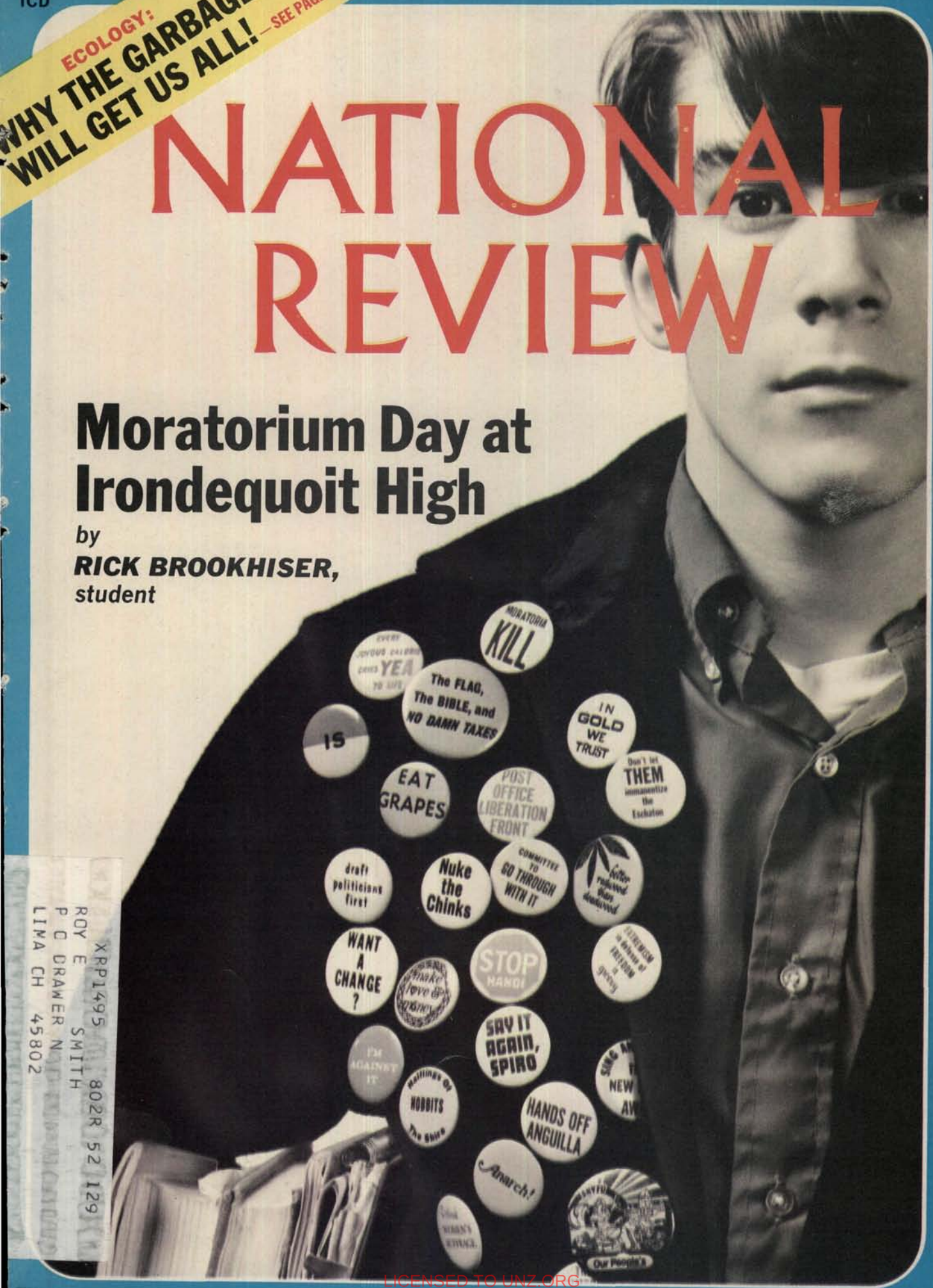
FEBRUARY 24, 1970

ECOLOGY:
WHY THE GARBAGE WILL GET US ALL!
— SEE PAGE 203

NATIONAL REVIEW

Moratorium Day at Irondequoit High

by
RICK BROOKHISER,
student



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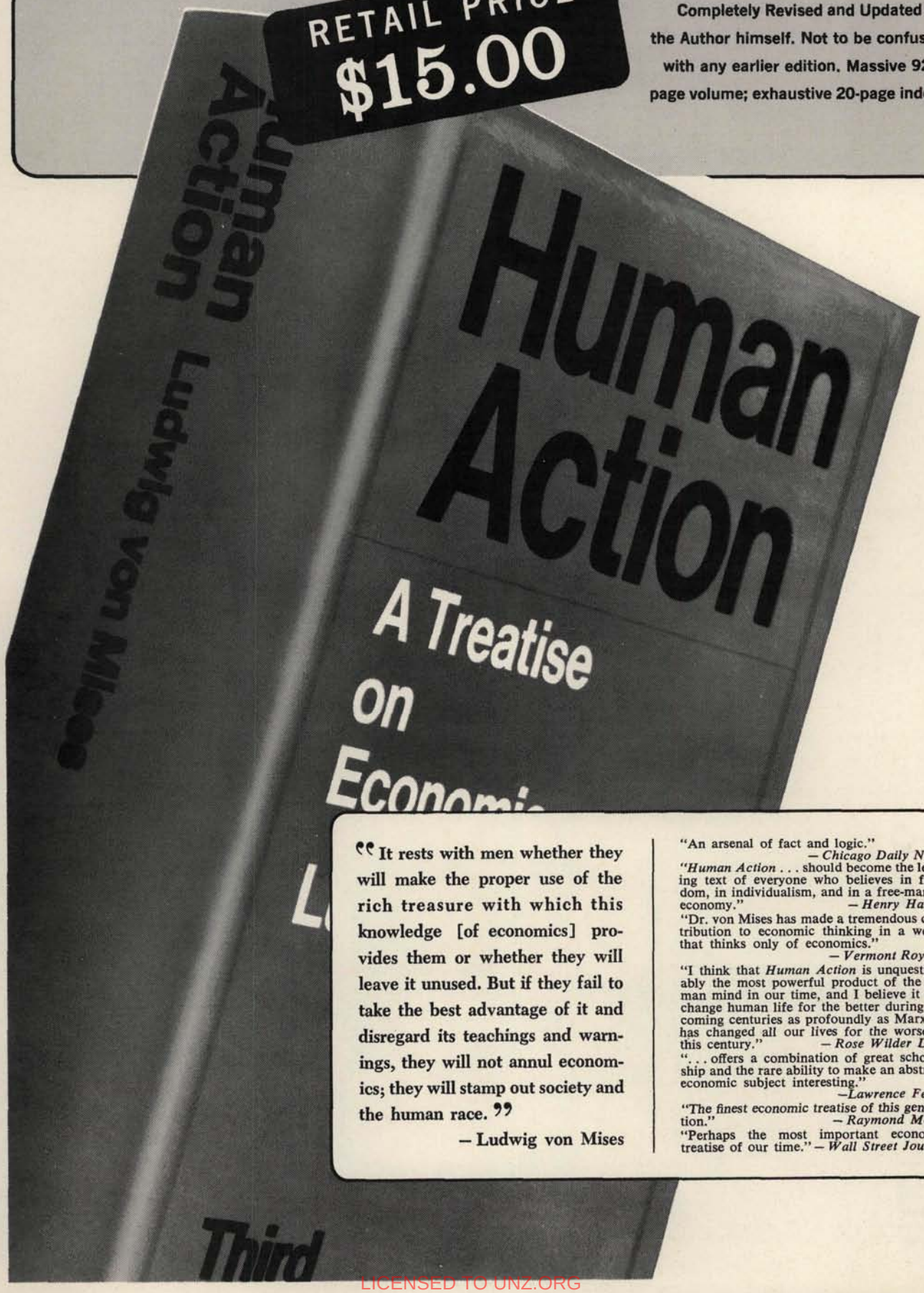

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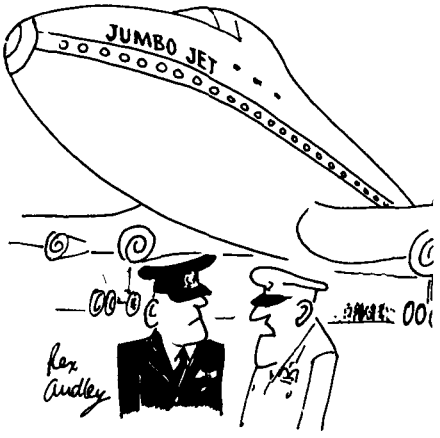
FOR THE RECORD

■ Lots of pressure brought on Sen. **Edward Brooke** by liberal Republicans to get him to lead a GOP fight against confirmation of **Carswell** nomination. Brooke may end up voting against Carswell—he resisted the pressure to lead the revolt (as he resists most attempts to tie him exclusively to Negro gut issues). . . . **Charles Goodell**, who else?, was first Republican senator to attack the Carswell nomination. . . . Connecticut suburban constituents of Rep. **Lowell Weicker** wondering what he was doing voting to over-ride Richard Nixon's veto of the HEW appropriations: could be heightened interest in running for governor now that **John Dempsey** has said he won't run again; attempt to move leftward in a highly industrialized state. . . . Bad news for Rep. **John Tunney** and the Democratic Party in California: Rep. **George Brown** has entered senatorial race against **George Murphy**. Brown is half a league left of Tunney (no mean leftist himself); a hard primary fight between them could further split already fractured California party.

■ One reason for troubles of dropout Democratic National Chairman Sen. **Fred Harris** was that upon being appointed he moved fast left—toward the corner then occupied by Teddy Kennedy—and away from more conservative Democratic fatcats who could help Party get out of debt, but didn't. Harris leaves the national office in near shambles. Successor will indicate relative strength in the Party of the **Humphrey** *v.* the **Kennedy-McGovern-Muskie** factions. . . . Astronaut **James McDivitt** has squelched rumors that he may run for the Senate in Michigan as a Republican. Republican field there (the race is against **Phil Hart**) still wide open; don't discount possibility that **George Romney** might still be persuaded to take Hart on. . . . In Ohio, Rep. **Chalmers Wylie** (R.) thinks he's got the Silent Majority message. Part of his reelection campaign has been to rent 22 billboards with pictures of the flag and the caption: "Back it! Don't buck it."

■ There was very little publicity, but **four Egyptian army officers** (including a lieutenant colonel) and ten enlisted men have been executed (shot) for their failure to save the radar station Israeli commandos carted off on Dec. 27. **Nasser** is worried that ineffectiveness



Daily Telegraph, London Ben Roth Agency

"Their main advantage is that they can't be hijacked with anything less than an elephant gun."

of his troops against Israelis will set off demonstrations such as those of a year ago in Helwan where the people chanted: "Nasser wage war, make peace, or retire!" . . . Most recent figures show that **Sweden**, the socialist paradise, has the world's highest taxes: Taxes account for 43.5 per cent of her gross national product. **Holland** is next, 36.5 per cent; **West Germany**, 35.4; **Great Britain** 35.4. The **U.S.** figure was 24.7 per cent.

■ More bad news from **Czechoslovakia**: the Czech cultural attaché in Paris has asked asylum rather than return home because, says **Ivo Freischmann**, "political revenge trials" are about to start. . . . Already thirty young Czechs have been arrested and accused of a Trotskyite plot to "overthrow the regime." . . . According to *Guardian Weekly*, the Czech chess master, **Ludek Pachman**, who was mysteriously removed to a hospital a couple of weeks ago, may be suffering brain damage from a beating administered to him in his prison cell by a police spy who had failed to get information out of him any other way. . . . In **France**, the Communist Party is back in line. It has expelled longtime Communist **Roger Garaudy** from its central committee for a) continuing to criticize the invasion of Czechoslovakia and b) for insisting the CP recognize the existence of a new class of white collar workers and intellectuals.

■ There was much hullabaloo a couple of years ago (McCarthy, climate of fear, witchhunt, you know) when the Attorney General put the **W.E.B. DuBois Club** on the list of Communist fronts. Last week, the W.E.B. DuBois Club officially joined two other Communist youth groups, the Communist Youth Party and the Independent Marxist Youth. . . . **Morton Sobell**, the atom spy released a year ago after serving seventeen years in connection with the Rosenberg spy ring, is urging leftists via the *World* and the *Guardian* to send their pennies and dimes to the defense of the **Chicago Seven**. . . . Correction: The SDS-Weatherman who received a two-year term for disruptive activities at Harvard's Center for International Studies was not (as reported in this column Feb. 10) Joseph K. Collins. Collins was the judge. Confusion resulted from dropped line in news agency story.

■ Latest from the Iron Curtain circuit. A plane carrying Communist Party secretaries **Brezhnev**, **Gomulka**, **Kadar**, **Husak** and **Zhivkov** (Bulgaria) crashes and all are killed. *Question*: Which country grieved most? *Answer*: East Germany, because Ulbricht wasn't aboard.

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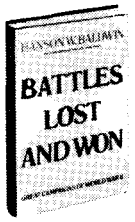

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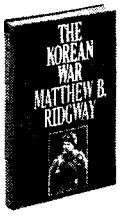

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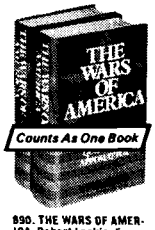

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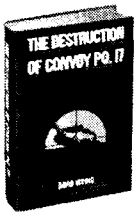

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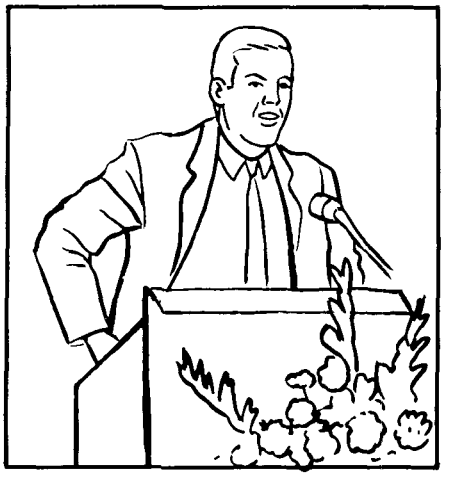

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IN THIS ISSUE

■ Two new contributors this week with rather unusual credentials. Mr. **Richard Brookhiser** is a student. A high-school student. A freshman high-school student. But let him tell it himself: "I was born February 23, 1955. I have had my name in the papers twice: once, for chiding Nelson Rockefeller during a ceremony at the State Capitol (I was four years old at the time); and again, for becoming an Eagle Scout. I have pursued an interest in music since the third grade, and have read voraciously all my life. My fascination with politics dates from 1964 and my urge to write is even older. I have sent the sample chapters of one book to a publisher, and have plans for five more. This is the story of my life." Obviously only the first chapter. We'll be hearing a great deal more from Mr. Brookhiser. . . . Dr. **Alexander Theroux**, once a Trappist monk, is now Associate Professor of English at Longwood College in Virginia. He has just finished his first novel. . . . **Henry Hazlitt** continues our ongoing debate on President Nixon's welfare proposals. . . . The swill piles up faster than we can dispose of it, says **Eric B. Outwater**, who serves as President of Computer Estimating Corporation, Vice President of Stuart and Gunn, adviser to the National Conference of Packaging Waste, and consultant to the Foundation for Responsible Conservation of Our Environment. . . . S. I. Hayakawa visits Northeastern University and fortunately **David Brudnoy** was on the scene to write a striking report. . . . **Anthony Dolan** attends a Peter, Paul and Mary concert. . . . **J. D. Tierney** has been a reporter for the *Honolulu Advertiser* and the *New York Post*. He makes his *NR* debut with a delightful satire. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley**, easily the prettiest managing editor on East 35th St., visits France, samples Old Lady's Dry Gin, then proceeds to Brittany, where things sink sideways.

■ **Poul Anderson** reviews a strange work purporting to tell us where we came from. Mr. Anderson, long one of the world's finest science-fiction writers, is a leading figure in the recent sf renaissance. A half-dozen of his books have been reprinted in the past year. . . . **Francis Russell**'s newest work, *President Makers from Mark Hanna to Joseph Kennedy*, will be completed soon. . . . **Hiram Caton**, Professor of Philosophy at Penn State, recommends a scholarly study of nihilism. . . . Brother **C. H. Simonds**, at heart a down-home boy, listens to some records and celebrates the newly won but long-deserved acceptance of country music. . . . That fine display of subversive buttons on the cover is courtesy of Our People's Underworld (Box 1028, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538).

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LETTERS

Conservative Conservation

In "Conservation: High Priority" [*NR*, Jan. 27], you have touched upon the issue which may precipitate America's moment of political truth for the coming decade(s). The Right had better speak up, and fast, or it may soon be just what the Left says it is—a thing of the past.

The real issue will not be that of what we're going to do about pollution, any more than the real issue of Mylai is whether we're guilty or not. Although the tragedy of the carnage we've wrought on nature will remain in evidence for decades, all America is now aware of pollution and is ready to start cleaning up. I doubt not that we will soon take the necessary measures, however difficult, to do the job. But the Left has already begun to use the issue as just one more vehicle to attack all things American, and the vehicle may yet prove a far more potent one than Vietnam. After all, no one is pro-pollution. Unlike Vietnam, American minds are universally united on this; whoever takes the helm now, holds it for the whole voyage.

It is urgent that we prevent the Left from identifying their cause with conservation. I urge NATIONAL REVIEW to call editorially upon conservative lawmakers to take action (Now!), and to urge its readers to do likewise via mail to conservative congressmen and governors. I've heard the liberals speaking out for weeks; I've heard of Democrat-sponsored legislation. What I want to hear is Goldwater, Buckley, Tower, Agnew and Reagan doing some of the talking.

WILLIAM M. MARCEAU

Westmoreland, N.Y.

As a conservative, I must disagree with Dr. Lee A. DuBridge's observation that "the cheapest way isn't going to be acceptable anymore." A value can be placed on each of our resources. If damages caused by misuse of the resources were charged against the users, dumping waste into our environment (for example) would no longer be "the cheapest way." If users were required to pay their way (a deposit when buying a car that could make it profitable to scrap the heap early and redeem the deposit; a tax on beer cans sufficient to pay someone to pick them up; a tax on the sulfur content of fossil fuels equal to the pro rata damages caused by sulfur oxides; a tax on DDT equal to damages caused by its use, etc.), the government would only have to establish values, costs for cleaning up, or damages caused by the items that have adverse

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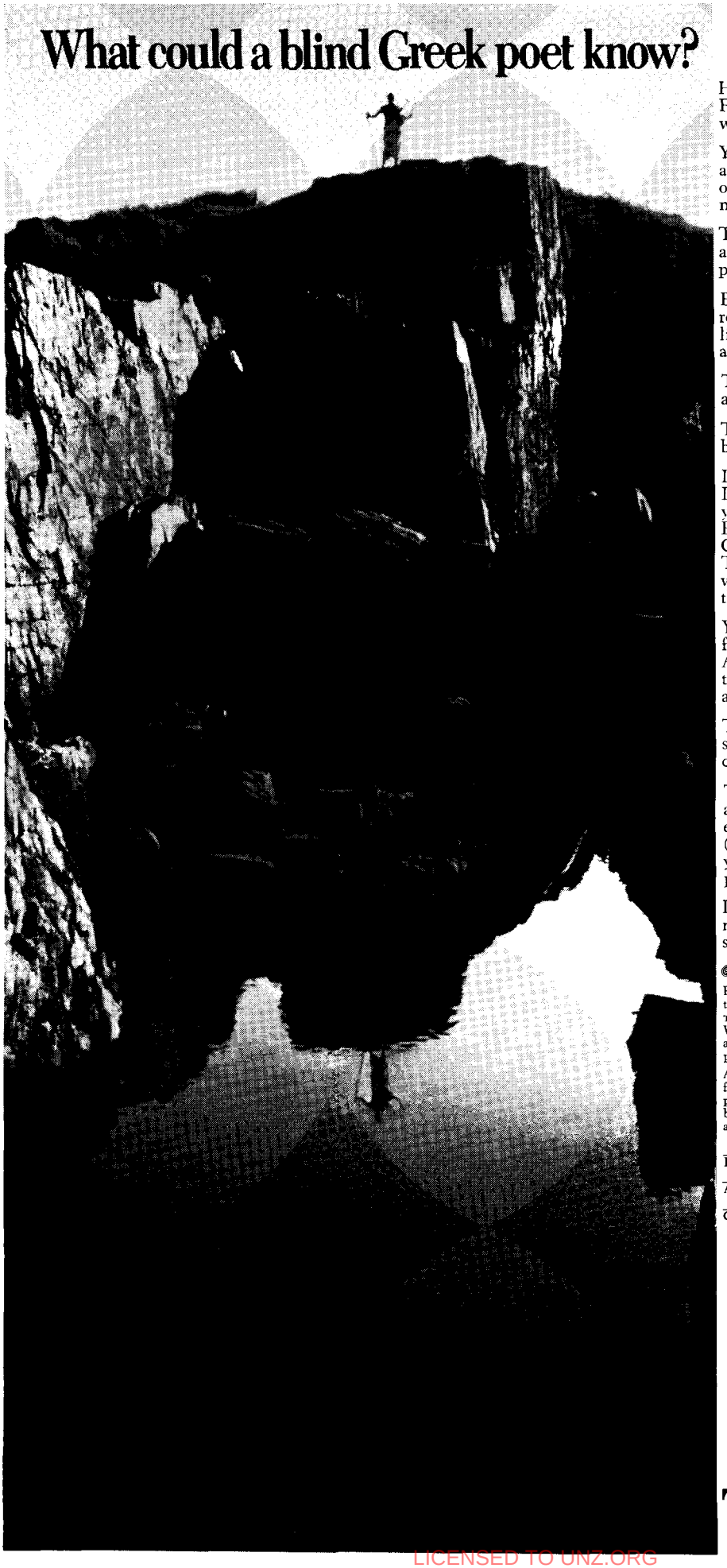
What could a blind Greek poet know?



Homer's blindness may have been a blessing. For the gods seem to have replaced his eyes with remarkable insight.

You can read his Odyssey and Iliad even today and learn why some men become heroes and others remain earthbound failures. Why some nations become great, while others fall apart.

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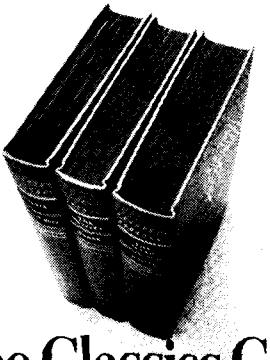

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effects on our environment and then collect the applicable taxes. The government would not be required to determine the optimum permissible levels of environmental contaminants (an impossible task) nor would it have to go into the technical or economic aspects of the machinery we use, nor would it have to delve into the daily lives of all people and institutions that might have an effect on our environment.

The taxing concept will work toward the most desirable economic balance if values are properly set. For example, if damages caused by the use of DDT are greater than benefits (savings the farmer derives from its use), the tax would wipe out any economic advantage and the farmer would *voluntarily* make the decision to discontinue its use.

I won't mention the potential $10 or $20 billion tax money except to point out that I wouldn't count on it being a permanent source of revenue since the public would very quickly discover that polluting our environment is no longer "the cheapest way."

Chattanooga, Tenn. JAMES O. B. WRIGHT

Illegitimate Outrage

"Not because each of us doesn't feel deep moral revulsion, but because no matter how horrible it sounds, legitimate moral outrage must often be subordinated to national and international interests. And this is what happened in Biafra. It simply served no Western interests to support Biafra . . . ["The Week," Jan. 27]."

I had thought hypocrisy and moral bankruptcy were sole property of liberals, but *NR*, showing an egalitarian facet I thought not possible of it, seems to want to make them community property.

Your literary gymnastics to explain the Mylai massacre (I am assuming the massacre happened as the press reports it), and now your editorial on Biafra indicate starvation and massacres, though regrettable, will have to be tolerated in order that "national interests" be served.

I trust *NR* will view as charitably the actions of the Soviet Union. There wasn't even a massacre in Czechoslovakia! As for Stalin's killing the Kulaks, regrettable, very regrettable but remember, Joe was only serving the national interests.

Perhaps you should read the letters of Whittaker Chambers. In one he wrote: "My reason, in the profoundest, most organic sense, is outraged when I am asked to believe that the Nazi massacre of the Warsaw ghetto or the Communist massacre in the Katyn Forest are necessary parts of a process of horrors working together for good." What would he say about Biafra and Mylai?

Kenosha, Wisc. MARC EISEN

Draper Lives!

Your editorial [Jan. 13] noting the ominous effects on our national security of the closing down of the MIT Instrumentation Laboratory barely mentions that the I-Lab performed "vital research for the Apollo program." As a matter of fact, our moon landing could hardly have occurred without the Laboratory's inertial guidance system. As is usually the case, the lay public is unaware of that and other non-military spin-offs from original military research, such as the adaptation of inertial guidance to the new Boeing 747 airplane. This system has now begun the important task of safely and automatically guiding vast numbers of airline passengers across trackless oceans.

Aviation Week & Space Technology Magazine has announced that Dr. Charles Draper will head a new laboratory at Florida Institute of Technology. Hopefully, his outstanding staff will follow en masse and MIT's loss will be FIT's (and the country's) gain.

Phoenix, Ariz. THOMAS W. PHILLIPS

So Does YAF

It was disturbing to note that a recent letter appearing in this column [Dec. 30] contained false and misleading information about Young Americans for Freedom.

Disagreements as to the purpose and direction of YAF will continue to be a sign of vitality and health. However, a minute segment of former members (less than 1 per cent) has recently chosen to demonstrate disagreement by publicly announcing their departure, claiming (quite erroneously) to represent a major and continuing "split" within the organization.

Activity and membership in our states has increased rapidly since YAF's national convention last September.

YAF is alive and well.

JAY PARKER
Chairman, Penn. YAF
TRISHA THACKSTON
Chairman, S.C. YAF
BILL SARACINO
Chairman, Calif. YAF
JACK GULLAHORN
Chairman, Texas YAF
JOE LEO
Chairman, N.J. YAF

There's a Difference

Michael Kogan contends ["Letter from Jerusalem," Jan. 27] that the policies of Gahal and Mapai, vis-à-vis the Arab world, differ only in degree, and he employs their identical stands on the question of Jerusalem as an *a posteriori* proof of his assertion. However, if Mr. Kogan had chosen to analyze Mapai and Gahal on the basis of their respective positions toward the more general question of Arab-Israeli negotiations, he would have discovered an interesting fact: Mapai is at least theoretically willing to enter into direct negotiations with the Arabs, whereas Gahal seems to have rejected unequivocally the principle of a negotiated settlement. This is not, as Mr. Kogan would have your readers believe, merely a difference in degree.

Although I share a strong emotional attachment to Gahal and its leader, Menahem Beigin, a rational assessment of the Middle East situation compels me to admit that whatever gains might accrue to Israel as a result of the capitalist economic policies of Gahal, would be more than offset by the fact that Gahal's foreign policy would make the prospects for eventual peace in the Middle East even more remote than they appear to be today. A foreign policy marked by flexible firmness is superior to one characterized by blatant jingoism, even if the former is coupled with a mixed economy.

Brooklyn, N.Y. RONALD J. KERWIN

More on Chambers

I own that before reading *Odyssey of a Friend* [Jan. 27] I had no high opinion of Mr. Chambers. . . . I am glad you have chosen to serve up the whole man by his letters. He is a man of huge courage, a writer of prose that is at one time powerful, at another gentle. Always he is civilized. He amuses me when he denies that he can be a conservative because capitalism, of which he approves, must always be revolutionary (the passage recalls Shaw's diatribe in the *Man of Destiny* against English hypocrisy). Perhaps Chambers was looking for logical consistency (a leftover from Marx and Descartes?).

L. P. CURTIS
Department of History
New Haven, Conn. Yale University

The Chambers book is fascinating—but why is he so tragic? After all, he did the right thing in the face of general disbelief and prodigious odds and persecution—and he won. He had more than the applause of his conscience. He had the verdict of the law, the respect of most people and enduring friendships. The truth in the end did prevail. I suppose he was ill and tired. Too bad. He deserved an accolade. And what a depressing trail of phonies, tricksters and bad guessers he left behind. I knew about most of them, but curiously not about that alabaster box of precious ointment and miniature Mammon of unrighteousness Adolph Berle, the enfant terrible (or is it prodigy?) of Harvard. On the other hand, Nixon comes off well.

I believe you have done a great service in publishing the book.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT MOSES

Wants Waugh

Auberon Waugh's contributions to recent numbers have been marked by a gentility, charm and refreshingly optimistic wit unexcelled in *NR* in recent years. I hope that his return to England will not preclude further, and one hopes frequent, commentary from this gentleman of good cheer.

New Brunswick, N.J. DOUGLAS STERNER

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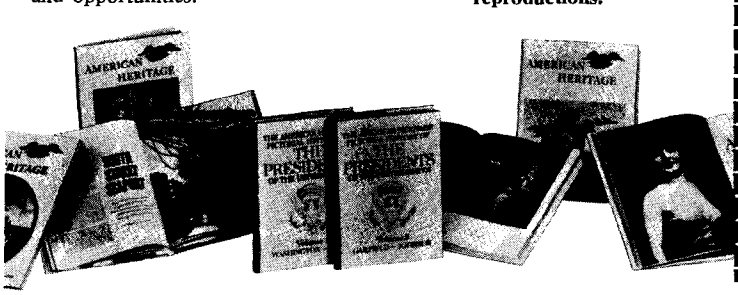

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THE WEEK

■ Secretary William Rogers' friends are chipping in a nickel apiece to get him a polka-dot bow tie as a Welcome Home present.

■ Berkeley's Center for Participant Education, the same outfit that gave us Eldridge Cleaver's famous course, has come up with another beaut. Entitled "Repression and the Movement," the course is described in the catalogue as being (we quote) "designed to find out why Berkeley is no different from the rest of the United States, why the Black Panthers have been systematically murdered, jailed and exiled, and why Judge Julius Hoffman and the Chicago 8 is no mistake, but part of a conscious program of police repression and the growth of a 'liberal' police state."

■ The Wallace Movement began to gather momentum once again as its leader delivered a fiery address at a tumultuous Freedom of Choice rally in Birmingham's Municipal Auditorium. All the familiar themes were on display, but the audience was especially appreciative in the wake of the educational disruption brought about by the latest integrationist moves by the federal courts. There are other straws in the wind: the Gallup Poll shows Wallace's popularity on the rise nationally. Then too, outside the South the awareness is spreading that for many public schools integration has meant educational and social deterioration—a fact now openly acknowledged even by the *N.Y. Times*. The proposal by Sen. John Stennis, endorsed now by many liberals, to use federal authority against de facto segregation in non-Southern states, could, if enacted, vastly increase Wallace's national appeal. From the standpoint of Richard Nixon, George Wallace today, even more than in 1968, is, as James Jackson Kilpatrick said, an orbiting Hydrogen Bomb.

■ The Way We Live Now: The high school in Plainfield, New Jersey has been closed down because of bomb scares and a race riot. But don't worry. According to an administration spokesman, "That's not too unusual in a high school with 1,600 students."

■ New, improved Phlug comes in a half dozen sizes—"giant," "family," "super," etc., each with its own price. Multiply that by the number of Phlug's competitors and you have—chaos for the shopper, which can be solved only by "unit pricing," marking every item with the price per pound, pint or whatever. It's just become law in New York City, and already supermarket chains are raising prices to pay the big cost of keeping the unit labeling up to date (many small grocers are giving up in despair). They tried it in Washington, D.C. and discovered that the ghetto poor, supposed to benefit, paid no attention. Anyhow, prices go up for everyone.

■ "Unwilling to leave the congressional rating business to groups like the Americans for Democratic Action and the Americans for Constitutional Action," the Ripon Society has invented a new rating system which separates Us from Them without recourse to the "fading polemics of the New Deal," which is to say liberal/conservative polemics, which is to say why bother with a system that measures the extent of state power when everybody is in favor of the total state anyway, or as we say in the Ripon Society, "both sides are irreversably [sic] committed to an affirmative social and economic role for government," a formula which not only consigns the enemies of Ripon to an uncategorized oblivion, but also permits the Ripon group to be *different* whereas before they could only be *less*, and the advantage of our total state over the old total state is that in our total state our guys can score the highest ratings, and we can issue press releases and write articles for the Ripon *Forum*, and be *different*, and we can't tell you how our system works, only *that* it works, you can *tell* that it works because Senators Charles Goodell (R.!, N.Y.) and John Sherman Cooper (R.!, Ky.) get the highest ratings and just you name one other system where that's possible.

■ *Time's* Political Spectrum: Praising journalist Renata Adler as a centrist, *Time* located her between Right and Left. "There is a vast no man's land between Walter Cronkite and Norman Mailer. Renata Adler is just the right woman to fill it." Welcome aboard, Walter.

■ Dormant since December, the New Mobilization Committee will get going again in March and April with demonstrations against the draft and, as a new loss-leader, "war taxes." Prompted by recent liberal attacks on President Nixon's popular Vietnamization program, this "winter-spring offensive" could be the American Left's last sigh on the Vietnam issue. Most observers doubt the demonstrations can rekindle the passions of November's March Against Death in Washington. The leaders of the erstwhile Moratorium Committee, the original protest-of-the-month organization, have not even announced whether they will take part.

■ Planned Parenthood never sold its franchises to College Health services. Had it done so, it would have made a fortune. Nearly half of the country's schools administer the pill extensively to coeds. And though officially only half of that half allows unmarried students the pill, swinging singles express no fears about obtaining birth control. There's nothing morally wrong about taking the pill, they claim. After all, it's only the concern they've been taught to have about world overpopulation that drives them to it.

■ Brandeis Witchcraft majors, feeling slighted by our solicitude toward the Sociology Department, hasten to

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advise us that Professor Demos will be teaching History 157b this term: "Studies in the History of Witchcraft," which will "focus on witchcraft belief in early modern Europe and America. The approach will be comparative with some discussion also of witchcraft in non-Western cultures of our own time." This replaces Professor Demos' scheduled course in Negro history.

■ Rep. Allard ("Uncle Al, the Kiddies' Pal") Lowenstein, D. of course, N.Y. of course, advocate of instant withdrawal, has been picketed by the National Student Coordinating Committee for Freedom in Vietnam and Southeast Asia, a wide-spectrum coalition with members from YAF to the Young People's Socialist League. On the schedule were prayers for, and a reading of the names of, the 3,500 men, women and children executed by the Communists at Hué; testimony by a veteran of the Hué fighting who was present when mass graves were opened; burning of VC and NVA flags; a challenge to debate Rep. Lowenstein, and an attempt to present him with a coffin to symbolize the additional massacres that would follow a Vietnam bugout.

■ Those letters from Jackie Kennedy which, by means still not very clear, found their way from Roswell Gilpatric's law office to the gallery of an auctioneer are pretty pale as printed in the auctioneer's catalogue; they won't rate a special box in *Screw*. Nevertheless, the whole circumstance is politically messy: flake by flake the water-soaked plaster falls from the walls of Camelot.

■ Vietnamization, Hanoi version, as explained Feb. 2 by Le Duan, chief of the North Vietnamese Communist Party: "So long as the U.S. imperialists remain stubborn . . . we must fight on to sweep them away. . . . We must be resolved to fight against the U.S. aggressors until total victory."

■ Every so often, the Czechs give the booted oppressor a hot-foot. Just now, no Soviet-made movies are being shown in Czech theaters—because nobody can be found to dub-in dialogue in the Czech language. Those dubbers who haven't emigrated simply say they have too much other work to do. As for television, the Union of TV artists refuses to dub films made in any of the countries that marched in two years ago. Artists' unions have given top awards to a television documentary on the death of Czech statesman Jan Masaryk and a movie that was banned by the Husak regime. Little wonder that the puppet Minister of Culture, Miroslav Bruzek, is concerned over "surviving attitudes in artistic unions concerning the question of the country's present political development."

■ Those crafty Russians! Know what they were doing in 1968, while the world was watching our Apollo 7 triumph? Testing a satellite that tracks down, investigates and (if told to do so) destroys other satellites. Handy thing for them to have, especially when Western intelligence relies so heavily on reconnaissance satellites to watch the Soviet Union. Said one American space scientist: "If I were a Russian military planner I would want such a system on the shelf, knowing that it would work." Maybe American military planners should have one too. Maybe they will, if we ever finish wrangling over ABM and MIRV.

■ It's getting so a good comrade doesn't know who to believe. One day it's B. Shumilin, deputy minister of the interior, announcing that drunkenness "causes great damage to the national economy" because of absenteeism, industrial accidents etc. Then it's the labor newspaper *Trud*, reporting that hundreds of man hours are being wasted in factories in Kazakhstan because workers have to scurry about bumming lights, there being "not a matchbox in the entire region of Karaganda . . . except on the black market." A simple capitalist solution would be to sell vodka as lighter fluid—but then there's that terrible morale situation in the State Cigarette Lighter Works at Minsk. . . .

■ Can anyone remember when John Lindsay appointed a Republican to anything?

The Democrats: Waiting for Lefty

The resignation of Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris as national chairman last week merely dramatizes the fact that for many months the Democratic Party has foundered about without a leader and without a viable issue. And there has been more than a little to suggest that the Democratic political predicament flows from still deeper causes. Consider only the most recent symptoms.

Last week the Democratic Policy Council, the Party's official voice on policy matters, moved sharply left on Vietnam by calling for the withdrawal of all American military forces within the next eighteen months. This proposal had less to do with the objective situation in Vietnam than with the dynamics of the political situation in the United States. President Nixon has presented a Vietnam policy which possesses a good deal of credibility and which has broad support in the country; but, con-

Middle-Brow Me

I shall not carp about Bob Hope.
  If they adore Red Skelton, *swell.*
I'm not among the snobs who mope
  When Guy Lombardo casts his spell.
If Billy Graham's dining in;
  If Pat digs cops in peacock-blue,
I find the scene more genuine
  Than what I've been accustomed to.

W. H. von Dreele

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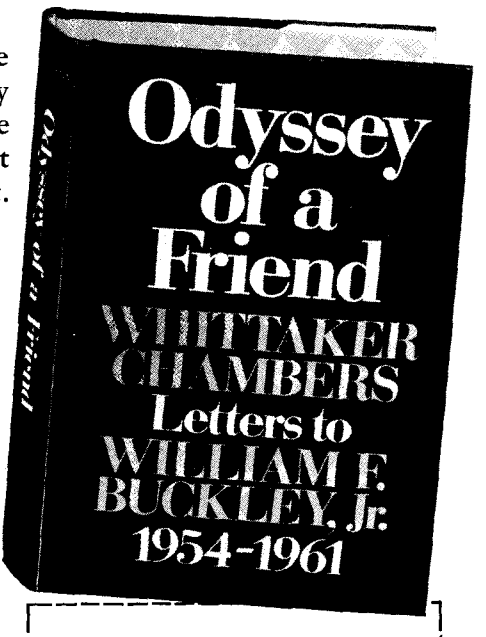

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Why We Bet on You

For three issues, *National Review* devoted the lion's share of its article section to excerpts of "Odyssey of a Friend." Even so, we were able to bring you less than a quarter of the whole book.

The response to what we *did* publish has fully justified our own feeling that Chambers' letters would be the publishing sensation of the season (almost all the mass-circulation magazines and book reviews have, or soon will, review it: the *New York Times'* reviewer actually praised it!) We bet that, after getting a taste of what the book was like, a great many of our readers would be anxious to read the whole thing for themselves.

That is why we put in our order for copies *before* the book went to press,* and are now delighted to be able to send you a copy of this memorable book for just $1.95 postpaid along with your subscription or renewal to National Review.

"For me, and others who knew him, [Chambers'] voice has been and still is . . . magnificent in tone, speaking to our time from the center of sorrow, from the center of the earth."

— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

What You Will Get

You may be sure it was a terribly difficult job to pick those parts we *did* publish; for every letter we got *in* we had to leave out others just as interesting, very often with additional facts or commentary on the same subjects. When you get the whole book you will of course have all the letters, and in proper order. The range of subjects covered is breath-taking (which is why the book is fully indexed: quite unusual for a book of letters), and it is possible to give only a brief outline of the complete contents here:

1) **How Chambers got to know** Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and how their friendship developed.

2) **Richard Nixon** as Chambers knew him — and the fascinating discussions about Nixon between Chambers and various people in and out of NR.

3) **More about** NATIONAL REVIEW — its history, its personalities and its early trials and successes — than you are ever likely to learn from any other source. (Aahem!)

4) **Alger Hiss:** the man, the Case, the whole (even to this day) unbelievable story (incidentally, so you will *not* be confused by the welter of events and personalities, Bill Buckley has included, as a "forward" to this volume, Ralph de Toledano's concise, factual account of the whole Hiss-Chambers controversy.)

5) **The many famous people** Chambers knew: Henry Luce, Arthur Koestler, Willi Schlamm, Hede Massing — and many more, known personally or not, whom he discusses here.

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gressional elections are in the offing, and this creates the need for the Democrats to distinguish in some way their own policy from Nixon's. Therefore, the lurch leftward, which was supported, lo, even by Hubert Humphrey—who only recently had endorsed Nixon's policy. There is no sign, however, of any national demand for the precipitate withdrawal of all combat troops, let alone all logistical and other supporting units. Nixon has thus accomplished the classic American political maneuver on this issue: he has preempted the political center, and forced his opponents toward the fringe.

Another symptom of Democratic political weakness was the futility of the much heralded fund-raising affair in Miami Beach. The Party is virtually bankrupt and at Miami Beach National Chairman Fred Harris hoped to raise at least $2 million toward the Party's $8 million debt. He got around $300,000 and, scarcely coincidentally resigned. Harris, said a friend, was "fed-up." No one knows who the next chairman might or ought to be, and no doubt the spot will be as hard to fill as the presidency of Columbia.

Then the Party's televised reply to Nixon's State of the Union message flopped. Muskie mused about pollution, Gore and Yarborough thought Administration fiscal policy was producing too much unemployment, McGovern said something about his conscience, citizens buttonholed in supermarkets made non-spontaneous complaints about the military-industrial complex. The only high point occurred near the end when Speaker John McCormack (age 78) came on to stress the Party's commitment to Youth. Teddy's familiar visage stayed off-screen.

Meanwhile Senator Fulbright, evidently hard up for fresh ideas, began still more Vietnam hearings—galvanizing, so far as could be discerned, only himself. But the pervasive tedium was relieved by a moment of high farce, when Senator Abraham Ribicoff dramatized the utter absence of tactical direction in the Party by coming out four-square for Senator John Stennis' plan to use federal authority to end Northern de facto school segregation. Poor Ribicoff didn't realize that Stennis means this as a nothing-to-lose Southern ploy to mobilize opinion nationally against federal meddling in any schools.

The Democratic disarray might reflect only the usual difficulties of a party out of power, but something more fundamental seems to be involved. Even the landslide losses to Eisenhower produced no comparable sense of impotence. The Democratic malaise seems rather to reflect a deeper problem—that, precisely because it has become increasingly ideological, the Democratic Party is ceasing to be a normal major American political party. The United States, as everyone knows, is a vast and sprawling nation, composed of a variety of contrasting and conflicting sections and interests. Historically, a major American political party has generated its strength by a process of reconciling as many interests and sections as possible *inside* the party. It can then turn outward and present itself to the nation as a viable instrument of national government. The New Deal was a liberal movement, but it contained its contradictions—most prominently, of course, the presence of the South. In important ways the presence of the South was fundamental to Democratic strength: not only did the "solid South" provide regular margins of electoral victory; its presence also prevented the national party from becoming merely provincial—in style, in policy, in political identity. Under Roosevelt the contradiction was managed; by 1948, things were coming apart. And it is altogether fitting that Hubert Humphrey, whose 1948 civil rights speech at the national convention precipitated the Dixiecrat movement, should, as national candidate in 1968, be defeated because the South was no longer in the Democratic Party.

The deeper meaning of Democratic impotence in

"By the way, Charlie, who's been giving you your political advice, recently?"

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1970 is that the Democratic Party, at least in its public and articulate presence, is becoming provincial. It is becoming an ideological rather than a governing instrument. It is coming to reflect only a single region, the urban Northeast, and a single ideological current, dogmatic liberalism. One can only view with a sort of awe the enfeeblement of a once-great historical presence.

After the Fall (II)

Less pity, this time, after the second LBJ-Cronkite spectacular. Still larger than life. A huge hulk of a man, lurching about in his chair, waving his arms, shaking his fists. And in his shadow poor Walter Cronkite sitting motionless, his eyes wide, a hypnotized rabbit, the only movement an occasional nervous twitch of that neatly clipped little mustache, almost as if he expected LBJ to exhale suddenly and blow him through the wall.

There were good things, as when LBJ neatly knifed Clark Clifford for his simple-minded self-serving *Foreign Affairs* true confession. Clifford had claimed that when he came aboard as Defense Secretary in March 1968 there were only hawks in the Cabinet, chief among them Dean Rusk, with whom, Clifford said, he "wrestled on the rug" in front of the President in order to bring about a bombing halt. Poppycock, responded LBJ; Rusk recommended a bombing pause long before Clifford thought of it. And Rusk, who is not a liar, backed up his President. "I, myself," he said, "recommended on March 3, and on March 5, that we prepare for a bombing halt in Vietnam." And he continued, pointedly: "I can't recall any occasion on which Secretary Clifford and I wrestled on a rug before the President."

Good to hear praise for Rusk, an honorable man, one of the few who didn't rush off to spill his guts in magazine articles after the fall. And good to hear the bad guys like Clifford and Fulbright get what they deserved. "It's a shame somebody didn't think of calling it the Fulbright Resolution . . . because Senator Fulbright introduced it with his knowledge, his approval, his consent," said LBJ of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. "Don't tell me a Rhodes Scholar didn't understand everything in that Resolution. . . ."

But there was also that other thing, just when you felt like cheering. On post-Tet, for instance: "Gloom and doom and defeat and mouthing and griping, really, is not the kind of spirit you want to send your men off to battle with." Exactly, but then it happened again. As he rambled on, the mumble began, those sharp little glances at Cronkite, that strange schizophrenic foxy-grandpa slyness which used to come over him whenever he approached the rim of that famous credibility gap. The Tet offensive was simply nothing like a defeat at all. Rather, a total victory. For us. For the Communists, "a disaster, a debacle, a serious military loss." And there it was, that obsessive need for complete self-justification.

And so, like the first show, a strange mixture of impressions. Still, without a doubt, a big man, and perhaps in a uniquely American way, a great one. But tragically flawed. And it is well that our national well-being no longer depends on the idiosyncracies of so colorful but maverick a character.

Assault on the Courts

The suicidal mania of liberalism has seldom been more manifest than in the response of many liberal publicists to the trial of the Chicago Seven, now drawing to a close after five months, and the recently opened trial of thirteen Black Panthers before Judge John M. Murtagh in New York. These liberals direct their customary hysteria exclusively against the individuals and institutions charged with enforcing the law: denouncing the police, the Justice Department, Congress, the prosecution attorneys, the prosecution witnesses, and Judge Julius Hoffman (Judge Murtagh will get his in due course), weeping over the treatment of the defendants, and calling for annulment of all laws directed against conspiracy.

From an historical perspective, the merits of these particular defendants and the specific laws involved are a minor and passing problem. What the nation confronts in these two trials is a fierce battle in a deliberate, planned assault on the courts and the entire structure of law enforcement. The objective of this protracted conflict, as it is planned to be, is the wrecking of the existing law enforcement structure, much as the parallel assault on the campuses aims at wrecking the existing structure of higher education.

Granted, there is something rather ludicrous and unreal in the extreme quantitative disparity between the assault party and their target. Nevertheless, the story of our time forbids dismissing too casually even a very small cadre of revolutionaries, nihilists and terrorists. Moreover, our New Left and Black Militant nihilists have developed, and continue to perfect, tactics that do cause serious damage. They have become skilled monkey wrench throwers; they have seen that the complicated structures of our universities and judicial system can be badly hurt, even brought to a halt, by small amounts of the right kind of effort rightly applied.

Obviously this is the calculated objective of these twenty defendants; obviously they have had a very formidable success in Chicago and some preliminary vic-

Self-Diagnosis

I burp at breakfast; belch at lunch.
I'm off my feed. I've lost my punch.
My ganglia are out of whack.
I'm restless when I hit the sack.
I itch . . . I retch . . . I don't feel well!
I'm up to *here* with Charles Goodell.

W. H. VON DREELE

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tories in New York. And these two trials make it also obvious that our judicial structure does not have at its disposal means sufficient to counter their kind of Maoist assault.

This lack is not surprising, since no assault of this kind has ever before been mounted. Revolutionary crusaders have in the past used the courtroom for extra-judicial purposes—to transform the courtroom, as the old-line Communists put it, into a forum from which to speak to the masses. In some trials of the past several decades, including trials of their own leaders, the Communists also employed activist methods: picketing of the judge's home and the courthouse, speeches by the defense attorneys, occasional outbursts by some defendants or spectators, etc. But these methods had as their rationale to "use" or "exploit" the judicial system, not to sabotage, halt or destroy it; that could wait until after the revolution.

The new tactic had its early tryouts about four years ago in the semi-judicial proceedings of congressional investigating committees. Outlandish costumes, curses, obscenities, shouting, exits and entrances, sitdowns, fighting, etc. by witnesses, spectators and lawyers were used not really to speak the message but to ridicule the hearings and the congressmen, to undermine their "image" and public authority, to reduce the hearings to disorder and thus prevent them from functioning.

These are the tactics, improved and generalized, that are being used in Chicago and New York. The judges have not been able to prevent their courtrooms from being turned into disgraceful shambles, nor has anyone been able to figure out how they could have maintained by traditional rules and sanctions the order and decorum essential to judicial proceedings. Once more the point is driven home: the game can't be played unless *both* sides accept at least a minimum set of rules. The spectators can be dealt with if the presiding judge is willing to use his full authority promptly and objectively: and this Judge Murtagh seems to be doing, perhaps benefiting from Judge Hoffman's erratic performance in this respect. But what to do with the defendants and their lawyers when *they* won't play the game, when they seek merely to wreck the gymnasium? We are committed to the right of every defendant to a full and fair trial whether he wants it or not, whether or not he will collaborate in bringing it about. But it is impossible to proceed in the manner of the five-month Chicago trial. The nihilist defendants, aided by their attorneys, succeeded in turning that trial into a grotesque caricature.

This is the serious issue posed by both these trials. It may be that some fairly extreme measures will have to be considered: placing the defendants in closed compartments, perhaps, à la Eichmann, from which they can see and hear (that being their right) but not be heard or seen (except, when relevant, by their attorneys). It would also seem about time for some disciplinary measures against certain of the attorneys who so grossly abuse their duties as officers of the court. They have been too long protected by the self-serving guild loyalty of the legal profession.

The Polluticians

Richard Nixon is Mr. Clean, no doubt about that. His antipollution crusade got top priority in the State of the Union message, heavy emphasis in the budget message, and is now the subject of its very own special message. Burden of that message is that we're going to clean up the air, the water, the cities, the countryside—"we" being both the government, which is going to boss the job, and the taxpayers and consumers, who are going to pay for it. Pay the $10 billion for sewage treatment plant construction, the many millions needed to formulate and enforce nationwide standards for clean air and water, the many billions more that will be passed on to repay industry the costs of car emission controls, waste treatment and heavy fines for violation of those air and water standards.

Considered in its political dimension, the President's cleanliness crusade rests on two assumptions: 1) that the voters want things cleaned up, and 2) that they won't *really* notice how much it's costing. The first assumption appears to be correct. The public is on an antipollution binge that, skilfully manipulated, can be kept going for many months—long enough, surely, for congressmen to sniff the air and then vote the funds and powers. By the time the public has wearied of the crusade, the machinery will have been set up and the bureaucrats trained to keep the resulting operation in motion; and the public will weary only, not turn angrily against such an obviously Good Thing as clean environment. As for the second—that's probably a safe gamble too. Any sum of money larger than the purchase price of his home is not truly comprehensible to the average American; he sees little difference between $10 million and $10 billion, and if a smog-control gadget adds $200 to the cost of his next car—well, prices are always going up and let's all hope that Mr. Nixon will defeat inflation. (Safety measures have already added well over $100.)

Pollution has caught the imaginations of other politicians. In California, Governor Reagan has staked out a Nixonian position on the issue, blocking construction of factories and an airport and calling for a clean environment in tones that please middle-class housewives and shaggy collegians alike. Maine's Republican legislature has just passed a bill setting pollution standards for all new factories, and taxing oil shipments to set up a fund that will pay for cleaning up any spills that foul the shoreline. In Illinois, Republican Attorney General William Scott is vigorously prosecuting industrial polluters in the Chicago area, with the backing of the conservative *Chicago Tribune*.

Meanwhile, the Democrats flounder. The only criticism they make of Nixon's plans is that he doesn't want to spend fast enough. Where Nixon would spend $10

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billion on sewage treatment, Senator Muskie would spend $25 billion, etc. If the opposition hopes to take over the initiative on the antipollution cause, it will have to come up with something better than me-tooism.

Or will the Democrats mount a counter-crusade, preaching that money must be spent to feed the hungry, not purify the air and water? There are signs that they may, and thus violate that old rule of politics, Don't Fight the Zeitgeist. Nixon has the majority of ordinary Americans with him on the pollution issue; he will use it to win over the students (only committed revolutionaries excepted); if the Democrats fight him from the positions of yesteryear, they are bound to lose.

The Wit and Wisdom of Justice Douglas

Take a look at Justice William O. Douglas' latest literary effort, *Points of Rebellion*. About twenty minutes ought to be enough for reading it, even if you read fairly slowly, for it consists of 97 pages of very large print and baby-talk prose—one sentence paragraphs, that sort of thing. It sells for $4.95, though, which means that each word is, monetarily at least, golden. Thin as the volume is, however, Douglas manages to pack into it every cliché of the contemporary New Left.

Here is Douglas' message, or, rather, what the book says—for to attribute any originating capacity to him would be utterly mistaken. He merely transmits the clichés with senile glee: The United States is "paranoid" internationally and sees Communists everywhere. Joe McCarthy was a prime villain, of course, but he is joined in villainy by Truman and Johnson (significantly Douglas now has *liberal* enemies), for we have been ruled since the time of Truman by a "military regime." The entire System is viciously repressive, controlled by an Establishment whose cry of "law and order"—brace yourself—echoes Hitler (p. 58). Our institutions have been corrupted. "Our colleges and universities reflect primarily the interests of the Establishment and the status quo. . . . Only revolutionary-minded faculties would provide a curriculum relevant to either domestic or foreign policy problems. Very few faculty members have a revolutionary fervor or insight." Bromide follows New Left bromide: "The case against the university is that it is chiefly a handmaiden of the state or of industry, or worse yet, of the military-industrial complex." The Pentagon dominates our politics, the Establishment has despoiled the earth and polluted the atmosphere, the campus is crawling with FBI agents and everyone's telephone is very likely tapped, the nation is racist, we are preparing to put down "the much needed revolutions which will arise in Peru, in the Philippines and in other benighted countries." Here is an example—by no means untypical—of Justice Douglas' logical powers:

"But we know that preparedness and the armament race inevitably lead to war. Thus it ever has been and ever will be. Armaments are no more a deterrent to war than the death sentence is to murder."

If false analogies were horses, sententious idiots might ride.

For our national plight, Douglas thinks, there is little hope within the ordinary political process. "The two parties have become almost indistinguishable; and each is controlled by the Establishment." The Justice, predictably, issues a call for revolution—though he gingerly provides himself with a fig-leaf in that "If":

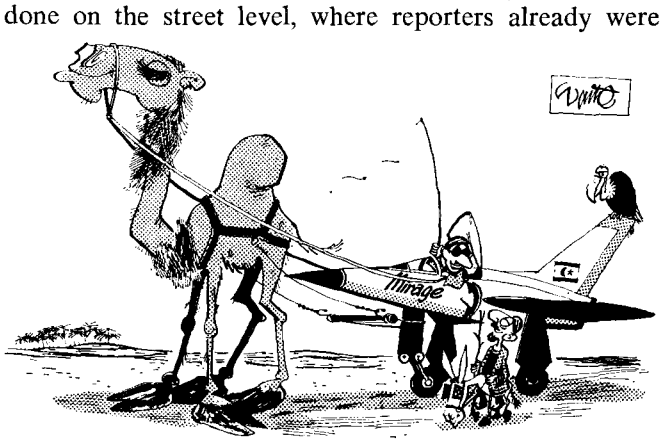
"We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

What a pity it is (see the comments of the Senate liberals) neither Judge Clement Haynsworth nor Judge Harold Carswell can feel at home on the intellectual heights inhabited by Douglas.

Mitchell and the Media

The Justice Department and the news media have now backed away from a courtroom confrontation over the government's right to raw news materials bearing on criminal investigations. Attorney General Mitchell cooled down the controversy after the press started to fume in public over subpenas for newsfilm and notes containing information about Black Panthers and the SDS Weathermen. The Justice officials who had issued those subpenas, said one Mitchell aide apologetically, were "eager beavers . . . off on a hunting trip," and Mitchell himself added, "We are taking steps to insure that, in the future, no subpenas will be issued to the press without a good faith attempt by the Department to reach a compromise acceptable to both parties prior to the issuance of a subpena."

Although Mr. Mitchell's comments warded off a real showdown, the media continued to snipe at Justice and more generally at the Nixon Administration's attitude toward freedom of the press. *Newsweek* complained that despite Mitchell's "retreat," "some damage had been done on the street level, where reporters already were



London Daily Mirror Ben Roth Agency

"Mind you, I haven't quite learned to drive it yet."

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encountering sources who were afraid to talk." *Time* whined, "Ever since Vice President Agnew criticized liberal TV commentators and newspapers, U.S. journalists have been on the defensive."

No agency of the Administration is trying to scare away news sources or gag the press itself, but in the particular instance of the subpena controversy the Justice Department had other responsibilities. "We realize the peculiar problems that subpenas raise for the press," the Attorney General said in his conciliatory remarks to newsmen. "We also realize that we have an obligation to the courts to attempt to obtain information which may be of value in an investigation." And when the two demands of free press and justice conflict, a sensible resolution can be worked out only on a case-by-case basis, as the Attorney General recommended, and not mandated by some apodictic court ruling that might have been handed down had government and media pushed their feud to a showdown.

There is a subtler and perhaps more important point raised by this confrontation, the same one raised by Mr. Agnew and one that the media are especially reluctant to recognize publicly: namely, selective media behavior, or, put simply, bias. Newsmen balked when ordered to supply information that might be used against Panthers and Weathermen. But, as *Newsweek* itself has admitted, "Journalists had been only too eager to step forward with information" during the prosecution of Chicago policemen after the 1968 Democratic Convention. A Justice Department investigator in the current Weatherman inquiry told *Newsweek* that "we'd be in great shape if we could get one-tenth of the information the press gave us when we were going after the cops."

When the media complain that this Administration threatens freedom of the press, it distorts the meaning of that term. In the language of a ruling on another subpena case that eventually did reach the courts, "Freedom of the press is a right which belongs to the public: It is not the private preserve of those who possess the implements of publishing." If, by selectively resisting subpenas or by applauding Black Panthers, as a *Newsweek* researcher did in a New York courtroom last week, the press insists on its private freedom to support radical insurgents against the existing society, then any government actions intended to balance media behavior will mean more, not less, freedom of the press for the public.

Bertrand Russell, R I P

When Lord Russell, who died last week at the age of 97, received the Order of Merit from King George VI at Buckingham Palace in 1950, the King, who was clearly embarrassed at having to bestow so high an award on a man of Bertrand Russell's reputation, remarked, "You have sometimes behaved in a way which would not do if generally adopted." Russell gave some trivial reply about human behavior, but the reply that instantly came to his mind, but which he did not give, was acidly to the point, and typical of Russell at his nastiest: "Like your brother's?"

But, in truth, Russell had all his life behaved in a way which very definitely would not do if generally adopted. Particularly in his waning years, when his behavior was often vain, arrogant and outrageously wrongheaded. During those years he declared John Kennedy and Harold Macmillan to be "much more wicked than Hitler," adding that "they are the wickedest people that ever lived. . . ." In 1948 he suggested, no doubt in a fit of zeal, that a nuclear strike against the Soviet Union would solve all the problems that plagued the human race in that year. Later, when he had grown more friendly to the Soviet Union and its leaders, he remarked, "This advice of mine [the nuclear strike against Russia] is still brought up against me. *It is easy to understand why Communists might object to it* [italics added]. . . . None the less, at the time I gave this advice, I gave it so casually without any real hope that it would be followed, that I soon forgot it." Only a mad man or a British Lord could have made such an apocalyptic proposal "casually," and then go on to forget about it altogether.

But it must be remembered that old men sometimes do very foolish things, things they might not have done in their youth. Russell the great philosopher died long before Russell the leftist eccentric. It has always seemed vaguely amusing to me that Russell's most devoted fans, the people who claimed to admire his mind so very much, were mostly people incapable of working their way through the difficult intellectual edifice he had erected in his early years. Some of them may have known the title *Principia Mathematica*; surely few had ever endeavored to read it. Some knew him to be the author of a book called the *History of Western Philosophy*, and that was that. Mostly they knew him to be an old man who made speeches at peace meetings, and wrote an endless stream of letters to people like Chou En-lai and Nehru.

Now that he is dead, I find it difficult to remember his sins. They seem terribly insignificant. I doubt that any men of quality ever took him seriously as a crusader. I suppose it was Russell's ultimate tragedy that he thought people *did* take him seriously; he may actually have believed that his ludicrous "War Crimes Tribunal" would influence world opinion. Of course it never did. What I remember is a very great philosopher, the father of modern Anglo-American analytical thought, the teacher of Wittgenstein, the colleague of Whitehead, the lucid prose stylist, the Whig aristocrat—perhaps the last of the Whigs. Russell was the godson of John Stuart Mill, and in his youth he had known Gladstone. He was, for me, a link with another era. I also remember him for his fundamental decency, and for the many times he was correct in his analysis of world affairs. But ultimately I remember the man who summed up his life thus:

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Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair. . . . I have sought love . . . because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of my life for a few hours of this joy. . . . This is what—at last I have found. . . . With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. . . . Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upwards toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. . . . I long to alleviate [this] evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

P. P. WITONSKI

Notes & Asides

■ Many readers of NATIONAL REVIEW continue to enquire concerning Edgar Smith, about whom we have been writing from time to time over the past six years. He is still lodged in the Death House, at Trenton State Penitentiary, busy writing books, His first book (*Brief Against Death*), an account of his conviction, was a best-seller and is now in paperback. Mr. Smith is not permitted to communicate with any but authorized correspondents, and under the circumstances composed a form letter for those who write to ask about the status of his case. It is reproduced here:

As you may be aware, on November 12, 1968, the United States Supreme Court agreed with my contention that the lower courts have been wrong in refusing to hear my appeals on their merits [pp. 323-7], and the Supreme Court ordered the United States District Court for New Jersey to grant me a full hearing on the merits of my claims. This is the first step on the long road to a new trial. Unhappily, the federal court in New Jersey has taken no action to implement the Supreme Court's order, the excuse being given that the federal court's docket is too crowded and the number of judges insufficient. And so, as 1970 begins, I sit and wait, hoping that one of these days the courts will find time for me. As matters now stand, there is every likelihood that before this is over I will have spent more time in the Death House, fighting for my rights, than I would have spent in prison had I pleaded guilty and received a life sentence. I resist the obvious implication, that it is better in the long run to be guilty than to be innocent.

While waiting, I try to keep busy. My second book, a novel tentatively titled *The Sixth Trumpet*, will be published this year by Coward-McCann, and I am working on the first draft of a second novel. Among the several changes in prison rules which followed publication of *Brief Against Death* was that typewriters are now permitted in the Death House, and we are now given a daily one-hour recreation period in the outside yard. For those who wish to know more about what has happened since my first book was published, I would recommend the special Epilogue I wrote for inclusion in the paperback edition recently published by Avon.

Many have asked how they might help me, or how they might protest the handling of my case. A letter to the newspaper most widely circulated in the area in which I was tried is one suggestion I can think of. Such letters may be addressed to: The Editor, Letters Column, The Record, 150 River Street, Hackensack, New Jersey. Despite the fact that many persons have already written such letters, it might interest you to know that the prosecutor, who lost his job when the new Republican governor failed to reappoint him, insists that there is no "significant" public doubt as to my guilt.

I know of no way to express adequately my appreciation to those who have sent financial contributions, every penny of which has been deposited in the Edgar Smith Fund, New York Yearly Meeting of Friends, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York, a tax deductible fund over which I have no control, and which distributes funds received to help pay my legal expenses. These expenses are, as you can imagine, quite high.

It has been wonderfully reassuring to hear from you—good for my faith in humanity, in myself, and in the possibility of eventual justice. I thank you most sincerely.

Edgar Smith
Trenton, New Jersey

■ (Reprinted from the *Irish Times*) In our issue of March 3rd, 1969, we published an article by Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien under the heading "Letter from Washington Square." In the course of the article, Dr. O'Brien quoted a transcript of a telephone conversation which had taken place during the 1965 mayoral election in New York between supporters of the Republican candidate, Mr. Lindsay. Mr. William F. Buckley was the candidate of the Conservative Party in that election. In the course of the article, it was stated in error that the transcript in question had been obtained by Mr. Buckley as a result of "tapping his rival's headquarters telephone." In fact, the telephone conversation was recorded but was not obtained or recorded by or on behalf of Mr. Buckley, and the recording was subsequently made available to the public.

The *Irish Times* and Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien wish to apologize most sincerely to Mr. Buckley for this error and wish to withdraw unreservedly any suggestion or implication that he had engaged in telephone tapping.

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

WHAT THE SST MEANS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The aerospace industry is the foundation of American technological, economic and military pre-eminence. From a combination of ignorance, demagogy and funk on the part of publicists and politicians, this foundation is being rapidly eroded.

The aerospace industry has devised, developed and produced the weapons systems upon which rest the security of the nation and the non-Communist world, and the great commercial air vehicles that have transformed world transportation. American civilian aircraft have dominated the world market.

In connection with the production of weapons systems and transport vehicles, the aerospace industry is responsible for the dazzling speed of development of electronic devices, computers, miniaturization, scientific and communications satellites, computerized industrial processes, metallurgical advances, optical instrumentation.

The aerospace industry has lifted men into spatial orbit, put men on the moon, and sent robotic forerunners of men out to the planets.

The products of the aerospace industry, in particular aircraft, have been by far our largest export package in the past generation, making the biggest contribution to our side of the trade and monetary balance.

The aerospace industry, in order to carry out the colossal projects assigned to it, has developed the remarkable arts of systems management that offer the only possible chance for getting anywhere with the problems of housing, pollution, land transport, urban blight and school renewal.

This is what the aerospace industry means in the structure of our society; and it is this that the sentimentalists, fanatics, demagogues and idiots are trying to scuttle, to the tune of wails about "national priorities."

It is natural that expenditures for tactical combat arms should be decreased as the shooting war of the moment slows down. It is not so easy to see what in the longer-term global outlook calls for slashing funds for the advanced weapons systems on which the future will depend—especially when one notes that these systems need up to twenty years for deployment.

But in our cry-baby mood ("Mommy! Those nasty boys were so mean to me I'm not going to play any more, so there!"), it is not only the weapons that get junked. Appropriations for NASA, mankind's most exciting enterprise—the test challenge for men of our epoch—have been so cut that half its staff is being fired.

Who Needs the Wheel?

The supersonic transport is being fed a trickle of money so meager that its fruition is being pushed year after year into the future. This is perhaps the most palpable absurdity of all.

The direct economic stake in the SST program is the long-range air transport market for the last two decades of this century. Will the U.S. win the primary share of that market, as it did of the subsonic transport market, or will it be lost to the Anglo-French consortium or to Russia? It is as simple as that, and the size of the stake is enormous: tens of billions of dollars—probably much more than anyone now imagines. If we lose, those billions—and the hundreds of thousands of jobs in thousands of companies, the products and services those jobs will indirectly finance, the technical advances, the foreign exchange earnings —will go elsewhere.

Senator Proxmire and his anti-SST lobby talk idiocies. They argue that selling American SSTs abroad won't help the exchange balance because it will be mostly Americans, paying dollars for tickets, who fly in them. No doubt it will be mostly Americans, but if there isn't an American SST we will be paying out dollars to foreign nations for our planes as well as our tickets.

Senator Proxmire bleats that the government shouldn't put up money just so a handful of jet setters can get to Gstaad or Sardinia a couple of hours faster: a perfect example of the demagogy. One single SST will carry upwards of 100,000 passengers a year. A fleet of five hundred in the skies—by no means a fanciful estimate—would surely keep the jet setters busy.

There is no point debating whether mankind "needs" supersonic transportation. Mankind is going to get it, whether needed or not. The only question is whether it is going to come, in the most part, from America, Britain-France or Russia. Our two rivals have already won the first round. Concorde prototypes 001 and 002 have completed the first phase of tests, with hundreds of hours of flight (by Pan Am and TWA pilots, among many others), nearly thirty at supersonic speeds up to Mach 1.5. They are being fitted with bigger engines; if these test out at the higher specified speeds (up to Mach 2), options will turn into firm orders. The secretive Russian SST is apparently at about the same stage. It is probable that supersonic transports will be flying schedules by 1973. And passengers will pay to fly in them.

Losing this first round does not necessarily mean losing the match. Concorde and the present Russian SST are too small, too short in range, too expensive to run, to become the mainstay of a supersonic flight system. Our projected SST is designed to skip that first stage altogether, so that we would begin with an aircraft practicable in size, range and costs. But naturally the Anglo-French and Russian designers have not gone to sleep. Their plans for more adequate follow-on versions of their SSTs are already well along. At the current snail's-rate of our program, our rivals have a good chance to get their Mark II models into the market while we are still arguing about the national priorities of Florida alligators and unit pricing in supermarkets. □

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WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1970?

- *Will Italy go Communist?*
- *Will the Mets stay on top?*
- *Will the Beatles disband?*
- *Will John Wayne finally win an Oscar?*
- *Will Muhammad Ali fight again?*

Will You Win $500.00 AND THE TITLE PROPHET OF THE YEAR?

Once again, NATIONAL REVIEW offers its readers and friends the chance to play prophet—and, perhaps, to win $500.00. That's the prize earmarked for the winner of our 1970 "Prophet of the Year" contest. There's a $250 prize for place, and $100 for show.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER—simply mark each statement on the entry form opposite "True" or "False." Fill in the rest of the form, send it to us, and start watching the headlines to see how your prophecies turn out.

BUT ACT NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 14, 1970, to be eligible. The form opposite, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. The winner will be named as soon after December 31, 1970, as entries can be graded. Judges will be the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

☐ Please enter my subscription to **NATIONAL REVIEW**, or extend my existing subscription, for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to:

Name _____ *(please print)*

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Bill me later*

☐ I do not choose to order a subscription, but do choose to exercise my right under the law to enter the contest just the same.

CONTESTANT'S NAME _____ *(please print)*

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

QUESTIONS for 1970 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest

Assuming the date to be December 31, 1970, mark each of the following statements "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

		TRUE	FALSE
1	Julie Eisenhower had a son.	☐	☐
2	Ronald Reagan was re-elected by a larger popular margin over his Democratic opponent than in 1966.	☐	☐
3	**The French Lieutenant's Woman** was still on the **New York Times** Best Seller list Sunday, July 5.	☐	☐
4	At least two members left the Nixon Cabinet.	☐	☐
5	The Mets failed to finish among the top two teams in their division.	☐	☐
6	The Democratic candidates for both governor and senator won in the New York election.	☐	☐
7	John Wayne finally won an Academy Award.	☐	☐
8	At least two of the following are dead: Jomo Kenyatta, Antonio Salazar, Charles de Gaulle, Harry Truman, Mao Tse-tung, Chiang Kai-shek, Pablo Casals, King Faisal, John W. McCormack.	☐	☐
9	The winner of the Kentucky Derby was not among the first three horses in the Preakness.	☐	☐
10	A military junta seized power in Tunisia.	☐	☐
11	A passenger-carrying Boeing 747 crashed with loss of life.	☐	☐
12	A center-left government including Communists is in power in Italy.	☐	☐
13	The Republican Party won control of at least one house of Congress.	☐	☐
14	At least one astronaut died during an Apollo moon mission.	☐	☐
15	Either Pablo Picasso or Pablo Casals (or both) revisited Spain.	☐	☐
16	At least three of the following are no longer heads of government: Harold Wilson, Marshal Tito, Colonel Papadopoulis, Ian Smith, Willy Brandt, Mao Tse-tung, General Franco.	☐	☐
17	There are still more than 200,000 U. S. military personnel in South Vietnam.	☐	☐
18	Muhammad Ali fought a heavyweight title bout in the U. S.	☐	☐
19	Richard Nixon nominated at least three Supreme Court justices.	☐	☐
20	The consumers' price index rose more than 4 per cent.	☐	☐
21	Israel still controls the east bank of the Suez Canal.	☐	☐
22	Eldridge Cleaver is alive and living in the U. S.	☐	☐
23	The Supreme Court declared capital punishment unconstitutional.	☐	☐
24	An American rock festival outdrew Woodstock (estimate of NR editors final).	☐	☐
25	The original Beatles quartet has broken up.	☐	☐

Tie-breaking question: *The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1970 was* _____

(NB: All questions are assumed to refer to what happened during 1970, and to be answered as of the close of 1970.)

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M-DAY AT IRONDEQUOIT HIGH

How Martin Luther II, Age 14, beat back the Moratorium-makers and their mimeograph machines—armed only with a typewriter—and how, on the way home from school, experienced an epiphany of sorts

The Story of the Posting of the Theses

RICHARD BROOKHISER

For centuries, the pamphlet has been one of the most powerful weapons in the great wars of words. In the hands of men like Swift, Burke and Thomas Paine, it has changed the course of history. The following account shows how this ancient device was once again put to good use—and how the Moratorium at IHS did not go undefied.

THE FIRST THING I noticed Tuesday morning was that a large crowd was entering the northwest door of IHS at an unusually slow rate. The cause of this delay was two students who were passing out some sheet or other, probably related to Homecoming Weekend. But then I realized that this was The Week, the week of the Fifteenth. Already, the leaflet was thrust in my hand, I was reading the first sentence. My worst suspicions were confirmed; the sale of indulgences had begun. Tetzel had arrived in Irondequoit.

The flaws of this leaflet are perhaps not as numerous as one might expect; it is such a vapid document. But in my book, it still rates a nosegay. "We have been turned down in efforts for outside speakers. . . ." In other words, turned down in efforts for outside liberals. The Moratorium "encourages a broad cross-section of Americans to work against the war. . . ." That is to say, it encourages the left-wing, which, though numerous, is hardly a broad cross-section. And the word "leafletting." Good heavens! when a writer has at his disposal the most subtle and varied language in the world, one might think he could avoid such monstrosities as "leafletting"! But what galled me most about the pass-out was just its air of smug cockiness: "We, as concerned students," "The program . . . is an individual expression of your moral views," "We . . . must educate the community," and most odious of all, "You may stay in school. . . ." Oh, how uncommonly good of them to say so.

By first period, I was already sufficiently wrought up to do something. It seemed that I was a voice crying in the wilderness. Everywhere I went, I saw the blue Moratorium buttons, I could hear the Moratorium being praised—the war was being cursed by bell, book and candle and no one realized that the Mass was being recited backwards. Similar pass-outs that afternoon only served to rile me more. By the time I got home, my choler had not subsided, but I had given it a definite purpose; the Moratorium would not go unchallenged.

And so, all that night, I typed. I did not have access to the resources of the other pamphleteers—they were so organized, there had to be a teacher behind them. So for two hours, I made do with carbon paper, cranking out four sheets at a time. And the end result: "The 95 Theses of the Vietnam War entitled *I Protest!*"

Looking back on it all, I am often startled. At one point, I borrowed dangerously from the rhetoric of the Left: . . . the enemies of the people of South Vietnam." I consider the bit about bluejays inspired, though it must seem rather bitchy in print. The eleventh thesis is almost a direct quote from an appraisal of Eleanor Roosevelt by James Burnham, and the closing of the last thesis could have been lifted from *The Prisoner*. Also, upon reflection, I must agree with Wm. F. Buckley Jr., that a true Moratorium, devoted to serious thought on the war, would be welcome. But the Moratorium, as it was, amounted to nothing more than an intellectual Saturnalia (you see, we do learn something from mythology), so that Thesis Number Six should remain unchanged.

SO IT WAS that after two hours of furious activity, I had one measly pile of papers and no idea what to do with them. The Moratorium people could drown IHS in pass-outs (on two days, at least four different antiwar pamphlets were distributed); I had only 33 typewritten sheets, including duds (joke's on me, I put the carbon paper in backwards). I decided to call the principal, Dr. Davis, to check on regulations concerning the dissemination of propaganda. I was informed that his mother was ill and in the hospital, and that he might be back in ten minutes or at 3 A.M. That was bad;

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Doc might have been sympathetic to my position. I would have to call Mr. Wilson, Dean of Students; I did not know what he thought. In the meantime, however, one of our neighbors had seized the line; the Moratorium might be over before she stopped talking. I amused myself by playing a Bach "Intrata." The neighbor hung up. Wilson was busy; I thought of calling Dave Stevenson, resident conservative of the senior class. Mother suggested that we creep into the school at night, post our manifestos and softly fade away. It was getting late ("Ricky, it's *bed*-time!"). But finally, Mr. Wilson answered. This was the first test. I would have to proceed gingerly.

Bearding Bureaucracy

I stated my question: What were the regulations of IHS, as I had a Moratorium message? He asked for a name. I gave it; it was all in the open now. I sounded him out carefully.

"I believe my pamphlet . . . supplements those passed out today." Well, in that case, Lester Maddox "supplements" the SDS.

"What position do you take?"

"Uh . . . I believe my leaflet . . . calls into question . . . certain points . . . raised in the other leaflet." I could have said: "My leaflet attacks the entire structure of leftist orthodoxy," but it did not seem appropriate. With fear and trembling, I listened as Mr. Wilson outlined the rules—I could pass out anything to my heart's content, so long as it neither advocated the overthrow of the government nor was obscene; anything put on the walls, however, would have to be okayed by a Power—himself, or the Doc.

I had heard The Word. Tomorrow, I would set to work.

I arrived at school half an hour early. The very first thing, I accosted Mr. Wilson in the halls. We adjourned to his inner sanctum; he read my paper. "Well . . . that's very good." Relief, relief. The night before, he had mentioned something about initialing each sheet, but this morning, he waived the requirement. The last hurdle was passed. I was loose in Wittenberg.

One leaflet by the Band room, one by the teacher mailboxes, four surrounding the Large Group Instruction Center (scene of scheduled debates on the war), three by the cafeteria, three on the stairs, two on the doors of the teachers' lounge, one on a blank bulletin board, two by some lavatories, two over drinking fountains, and the most pointed touch of all, one under the plaque honoring veterans of the Korean War. The school was filling with people. One student carrying pro-Moratorium leaflets spotted me busily at work on the LGIC. His features lit up. "Oh, you have pamphlets too!" I put on a most disarmingly liberal face.

"Sure. I'll trade you one of mine for one of yours." The exchange was made. I scuttled around a corner before the explosion took place.

The Truth Dawns

I had used every paper, keeping one for myself. Already, I could see small knots of people collecting around my work. Let the leftists "leaflet" away, they didn't have anything posted. School had begun; I had finished just in time. I went off to Band, my first period.

The only subject of talk was the Moratorium. A few "concerned students" could be seen outside milling around the bus loop; a flag with the peace sign emblazoned on it had been run up the flagpole. And quite innocently, I passed around a copy of my

The Ninety-Five Theses of the Vietnam War

I PROTEST against the leaflet passed out yesterday as being an emotional and grotesque distortion of the truth.

I PROTEST against the use of such words as "leafletting."

I PROTEST against that leaflet as a thinly veiled invitation to students to boycott school on Moratorium Day.

I PROTEST against the idea that the authors of that leaflet could educate anybody about anything, much less "educate the community and local industry" on the subject of the war in Vietnam.

I PROTEST against the idea that a student, because of his conscience, may refuse to attend school. This idea is conducive to hypocrisy and is plainly illegal.

I PROTEST against the entire Moratorium itself, which will only give moral aid and comfort to the enemies of South Vietnam.

I PROTEST against the idea that only a person who opposes the war in Vietnam may have a conscience.

I PROTEST against those who would withdraw from Vietnam, leaving it open to Communist subjugation.

I PROTEST against the use of the word "dove" to describe the anti-war members of the left-wing. A much more accurate symbol would be the bluejay, a bird which is both raucous and shrill.

I PROTEST against the use of the word "liberal" to describe the left-wing, because this word implies a degree of tolerance and broadmindedness, while in reality, the Left is often characterized by the most repugnant self-righteousness.

I PROTEST against the rhetoric of the Left in which all distinctions are blurred, all reason done away with and which covers the issues in a cloud of emotion which makes sane analysis impossible.

FINALLY,

I PROTEST against those who say that coexistence with Communism is either possible or desirable,

BECAUSE Communism is, of its very nature, a militant and aggressive faith

AND even in its most ideal form, Communism is based on the subordination of the individual to the State, an idea which is repulsive to all free men.

If I can be shown, by logic and reasoning, that my statements are false, I will recant. Until then, I can not—I will not recant. *Here I stand.*

MARTIN LUTHER II

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leaflet (I said I had found it lying on the floor). Mark Spahn, French horn player, read it, among others.

"Mmmm. Must have been written by Hossenfefer [a prominent liberal]."

He read on.

"Guess not. Must be sarcastic."

And finally, the truth dawned on his left-wing mind.

"He's serious!"

Martin Luther II had taken his place in history.

On my way to homeroom, I was held up at the bottom of the stairs. Half a dozen students and teachers were looking at my paper. Delay was never so sweet.

Yet, by second period, the fruits of my labor had been removed. Those little initials, passed over by Mr. Wilson, were near the root of the problem. Though Doc might agree with my position, duty forced his hand. If he let thirty notices stay up now, by next month the halls would be completely papered over.

Of Shrews and Cyclists

Even so, it appears that my message reached more people than I had hoped. Someone had scrawled at the bottom of one leaflet: "If your to chicken to sign your name why write this?" I feel critics who spell like that deserve no rebuttal. Several teachers made favorable remarks—how they guessed my identity might be a question that Mr. Wilson could shed some light on.

But there was more to the Moratorium story. Sixth period, my Social Studies class trooped down to the LGIC to hear a debate on the subject of the war. The school administration, seeking to appease the radicals and head them off, had set aside the Fifteenth as a day for a "panel discussion" of the war each period. A lot of thanks they got for their efforts. I was also somewhat wary of the debate itself—we might hear anything from black-armbanded Maoists to the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. The teacher sitting across the aisle from me had an armband; it took nearly ten minutes to quiet the room down. I wondered rather vaguely if this was the way they did things in the UN.

Finally, the debate began. The conservatives were represented by Stevenson and Smith, meticulous in their suits and ties—it was a good sign. Opposing them were two sophomore girls. Behind the debaters, a monstrous portrait glared over their shoulders, executed by some student. The subject of the painting looked like a cross between Mahatma Gandhi and Ho Chi Minh.

The arguments flew back and forth. I was impressed by the good taste that the debaters were exercising. Of course, the Left spouted off its usual quota of gaffes, viz. that American terrorism is like Nazi Germany. But to this, Smith gamely responded that the parallel with the Nazis was very good—when applied to North Vietnam. The debate was dominated by the conservatives, not only because their position was superior, which went without saying, but because they expressed it with more skill. At this point, questions from the floor were solicited.

All during the liberal exposition, I had been taking notes, and now I was faced with a dilemma. There was such a wealth of logical errors at which to fire away that I was hard pressed to pick. But finally, I made my choice. My hand was raised. A friend behind me whispered: "Make it good, Rick."

The last question had been from an antiwar student, some shrew in the front row had vented her spite on Tom Smith. I hoped to profit by contrast. Rising slowly from my seat, trying to look for all the world like Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and hoping that my red and yellow turtleneck sweater did not detract from that impression, I spoke.

"We have heard of corruption and delays in the elections in South Vietnam," I addressed the antiwar party, "do you have any statistics on the free and open elections that have been held in North Vietnam?"

I sat down, gloating over my wit—and heaven save us all, the sophomores proceeded to prate on about elections in South Vietnam! My irony had been completely over their heads! It was left to Tom Smith to restate my point when he replied to their answer. My golden opportunity had been lost because the Diet of Worms had been taking stupid-pills! The debate meandered to its conclusion.

But there is one more incident to relate, perhaps more important than Tom Smith or Martin Luther II or anything that I have said before.

It was after school; I was walking home. First, however, I decided to make a detour to the front lawn where the names of the American war dead were read. I had left school somewhat late; not many people were there. The sign announcing that you were looking at Irondequoit High School had been covered by Moratorium posters. A "concerned student" read the list, a hood sat at his feet (anything to get out of school). Before them on the grass were perhaps half a dozen people, all girls. A few cyclists gaped in curiosity from the sidewalk.

Blasphemy

I had a few nasty thoughts about pasting my last paper to the reader's nose. But it did not seem to be worth the trouble. The names came on.

"Foster, John . . ."

And this was the way of it, I reflected—the Left, shedding its tears when thoughts were needed, unwittingly aiding those very dictators who had not a trace of tears in them.

"Foster, William . . ."

Drearily the reading proceeded. It would make as much sense, I thought, to read the names in a fifty-year-old telephone book—they, too, were all dead.

"Fowler, David . . ."

At once, I was shocked out of my reverie. The reader had stumbled over a name. I looked at him closely. He kept on going. The hood, the girls—none of them had noticed. And suddenly, I saw the truth of it all. He had stumbled over a name and gone right on. I had been wrong all along. The reader, the students, the Left—they did not *care*, how could they care? David Fowler was only a name to them, a word on paper, a stop to be pulled in the organ of human emotions, a pawn in the ideological spasms of their minds. If only they realized the magnitude of that list they were reading, if only they could sense the horror of one death, much less of thousands. But they could not sense this; the reading of the names, the whole Moratorium itself was only a selfish act, a forum from which they could announce their existence to the world. Those names being read, the whole idea of names being read—it was not tragedy, it was blasphemy. The Left had become like the insensate brutes it had defended for so long.

I have no more to say. The Moratorium is over. If it comes again in April, I shall be strongly tempted to ignore it. □

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PETER FONDA'S VISION

A lament for the articulate hero of the past and a plea to the Easy Riders of the current generation not to settle for instant gratifications, instant solutions and instant language

The Inarticulate Hero

ALEXANDER LOUIS THEROUX

RECENTLY I found myself an observer at a mass demonstration in Grosvenor Square, against my will caught up in the liturgy of thrust and noise. Pockets of students began to entrance themselves by the rhythm of repetitive chant, hand-clapping and snips of song, all of which seemed to generate, or have its source in, some mystic trance or self-induced dream reverie. It had the effect, but in a far more ominous way, of children's jump-rope songs where meaning becomes subordinate to a kind of antiphonal incantation, a thrumming in the skull which allows for greater motion and lets the game continue. It was a ritual, a *cento*, a poem. But there was a rubric to it all: I was sandwiched between one youth who, in a paroxysm of poetic impulse, began to chew up an American flag and another, a slight girl in black bell-bottomed trousers who, presumably in a heat that in a former age might have given us *Ode to the West Wind* or *Lycidas*, turned a three-quarter profile and spat in the direction of three policemen. Who was I, it suddenly occurred to me, to call it misbegotten Dada or a living Surrealism less spontaneous than that of André Breton?

"Them are your bloody poets, mate, you see if I'm wrong—all poets of this here ci-vi-li-za-tion," one laconic youth burbled to me as he saw, rightly so, a trace of incredulity cross my face. Here, then, I was lucky enough to be watching one of the great exacerbated dialogues the poet has with himself, only on a much grander scale, one of those rare mysterious moments in which there springs from itself, like a spark from friction, the completely realized poem which the lesser artist—say, Blake or Shelley—must find himself, because of Adam's Curse, "stitching and unstitching."

A memory emerged: not too long ago *Esquire* carried an interview with Peter Fonda, actor, nature mystic, sometime philosopher, and historian of the march of ideas to which, I'm told, he greatly contributed with his trend-spotting film, *The Trip*. The interview was truly remarkable as a demonstration of what has now become the national anthem of the deep thinker and the social revolutionary: the *argumentum ad silentium*, born of the strict refusal to try to deploy the common language of nouns and verbs, lest, in working through that medium, one fail to do justice to the massive complexities of one's vision or the profundities of one's thoughts. The disenchantment with a prose too long with us initiates in Fonda, as in many another irresistible twenty year old, a conflux of non-denotative catchwords—a sort of Swiftian "little language" replete with canned mottos and collapsed into a syntax built on private interpretation which abhors the bitch language of coherence and analysis as a capitulation to that which forever distorts the beauty of perplexity and wrings the sweet neck of spontaneity. A vision sufficiently explained, therefore, is a vision divested of its charisma. It's all too complicated for words, eminently inaccessible—especially to the prosaic masses unfortunate enough to have grown old too soon, who are too self-conscious to pass out daisies to their friends on 34th Street; deprivations, let us say, of the middle-class, white American that must lead him inevitably to the sour grapes of the Horatian conundrum: *montes parturient; nascetur ridiculus mus* ("The mountains are in labor; and out pops a ridiculous mouse)." Often, he'll just say "bullshit." One hears that, too.

THE DEVELOPMENT of language herein contained, then, in which Brother Fonda dissertates with consummate mastery on the "mystical" and "tragical" elements which presuppose his Art, I can only hope to approximate. I apologize to you, Peter Fonda, *il miglior fabbro*, but the betrayal of paraphrase is the closest one can get to the complexities of such an *Ars Poetica*. To wit:

> Like who am I, man, to tell it straight? It's not like us today to tell it like it was, but, dig, to tell it like it is—because if you don't know where it's at, which is to say out of sight, drop out,

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baby, because you're uptight, if you get what I mean. But if you get up there, not uptight, but up there, you can blow your mind, make it, and still keep the faith, baby, because that's what it's all about; and when that happens, you're not freaked out but like doing your own *thing, turned-on and tuned in.* And that's where it's at, not where it was before you dropped out and blew your cool and got busted. So when you're doing it like it is, that's where it's at, up there—not uptight telling it like it was, but up there where it's at, telling it like it is.

Emotions intimidate. To anyone who recognizes the obvious, that is, to you and me, it becomes obvious. Consider, then, the dilemma made quite clear in Spenser's *Amoretti* in which the speaker, in a kind of rhetorical aposiopesis, finds himself literally dumb, that is, unable to circumscribe in mere words an experience of powerful emotion so rich and ineffable that it eludes description, sidesteps analysis, and makes of language the superfluity it necessarily becomes. The revealing couplet from Spenser goes like this:

So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stoppèd it with thought's astonishment.

"Thought's astonishment," a sort of lacuna that takes place in the brain, exacts of the thinker the truth that silence alone can reveal, where words can penetrate no longer an experience penetrated to the full. "The Inarticulate Hero," from the frisson of his own response, has at the same time managed a subtle, if unconscious collaboration with a hero readily identifiable to anyone who has heard Mark Antony's Funeral Oration or seen Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront.*

The Good Bad Boys

No one communicates. The theme has been identified, sung, monographed, brutalized, indexed, worried about, preached over, warned against and laughed at. Sartre has told us. Robert Lowell has told us. Even Simon and Garfunkel have told us. We talk in clichés, at cross-purposes, through non sequitur. Silence prevaileth. But it is curious to note that, of all the conditions that generate silence, none is more palpably or ineluctably real than that of *mysticism* and that of *despair.* Neither mysticism nor despair can really articulate itself. Ironically enough, "The Inarticulate Hero," romantic ever, sees himself as forever shuttling between the two and points to both extremes as the repository and/or source of his inscrutability. Scratch a young man today and find a François Villon, a whore in one hand, a candle in the other. Despair, for instance, allows him one glimpse of the Abyss from which he comes away (in metaphorical terms the poet loves) indescribably burdened and properly mute. Then, of course, there is the silence which is the point of departure for Taoist thought and Buddhist calm, as well as the controlling rule handed down to the Cistercian Monks by St. Bernard, which stands as an all-pervasive life-style that seeks to comprehend and envelop a universe too easily approached, perhaps, by the ingenuous poet who rushes in, armed only with a fistful of metaphors, his quill and his *Weltschmerz.* "The Inarticulate Hero" is always ready to answer to the name of Good Bad Boy, the "angelic *poètes maudits*" ready to go silent because ready to be misunderstood.

An irony intrudes here: The glory that was the ancient hero—Odysseus, Achilles, Aeneas, Beowulf, even Hamlet and Milton's Satan—was, in fact, often bound up with the glory of his speech; his gift that way seemed to be the *sine qua non* of that very heroism, the logical extension of his grandeur. The attempt, clearly, was made for consolidation of what Yeats called "Unity of Culture," where the hero, as a kind of new Adam, sought through language the perfect wedded relationship of Mind and Reality; such as they were, these heroes over-tipped the box of creation, and, again, like Adam, sought to name and label each new object. Language alone was the living organism that formed such connections, and the limitation of that possibility has become, as has often been pointed out, the starting point for Absurd, Alienation, and all the other Capitalized diseases which are the subject of every freshman theme, avant-garde movie and modern Jewish novel.

It is given today perhaps only to those engaged in the academic gavotte to bewail the diminution of the Word (which, by the way, you Biblical scholars will recall was from the beginning). A thin, reedy voice from the front of your classroom will occasionally remind you of the danger of mindless slogans and chronic illiteracy. But the professor, whose only prayer is that you should not think Cyrano de Bergerac was a sissy and that a stableman's son was able to write *Endymion,* is ultimately left alone with his prayer. He has little or no relevance to the great self-infatuated horde—quixotic, young, free—who are ready with the blueprints for their new university of public utility, which has no place, man, for the grundies and vaticides whose misplaced love affair with Spenser and Blake is only typical of the brand of cant that falls short of the bigger problems like, well, doing your thing and, well, telling it like it is.

A Bit of a Giggle

Today's is a visceral revolution. "The Inarticulate Hero" sees as his most reliable barometer his *feelings,* informed by a ragbag of intellectual misconceptions, jumbled and abridged, which must inevitably lead him to feel, like a dyspeptic Scrooge, a slight disorder of the stomach: an undigested bit of Camus, a blot of Henry David Thoreau, a crumb of Lenin, a fragment of underdone George Gordon Byron. The point is that his feelings are the only true yardstick to measure a world which he feels otherwise betrayed him by principles and the long, grey line of duties and responsibilities from which he escapes under the guise of trying to be true to himself, i.e., to his feelings. The pointless and interminable process of having to push through eight hundred pages, for instance, to see if Raskolnikov gets caught, or if Nigger Jim gets upriver, or if Ahab gets the whale becomes irrelevant to the instantly appeased and joy-driven experience, immediately satisfied: flashing strobe lights, rock music, free (and therefore quick) love, trips on ergot or "speed," and multicolored clothes that readily catch the eye. I realize, of course, that much of this is innocuous and mild—but a global view sees it all, as it must, as a composite of the Sounds of Silence where the world has become a "Tribal Love-Rock Musical" and where Jean Genet is a saint, where the nostrum "Tear Down Everything and Start Again," strictly interpreted, would require each generation, as critic Hugh Kenner has noted, to re-invent the wheel and to lay the sewer pipes all over again. If it's all a bit of a giggle, let it so be said, let it so be written.

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But if it's a situation where someone has an armload of guilt with someone else's name on it, that starts wars and makes good people die for nothing.

St. Francis, St. Henry, St. Karl

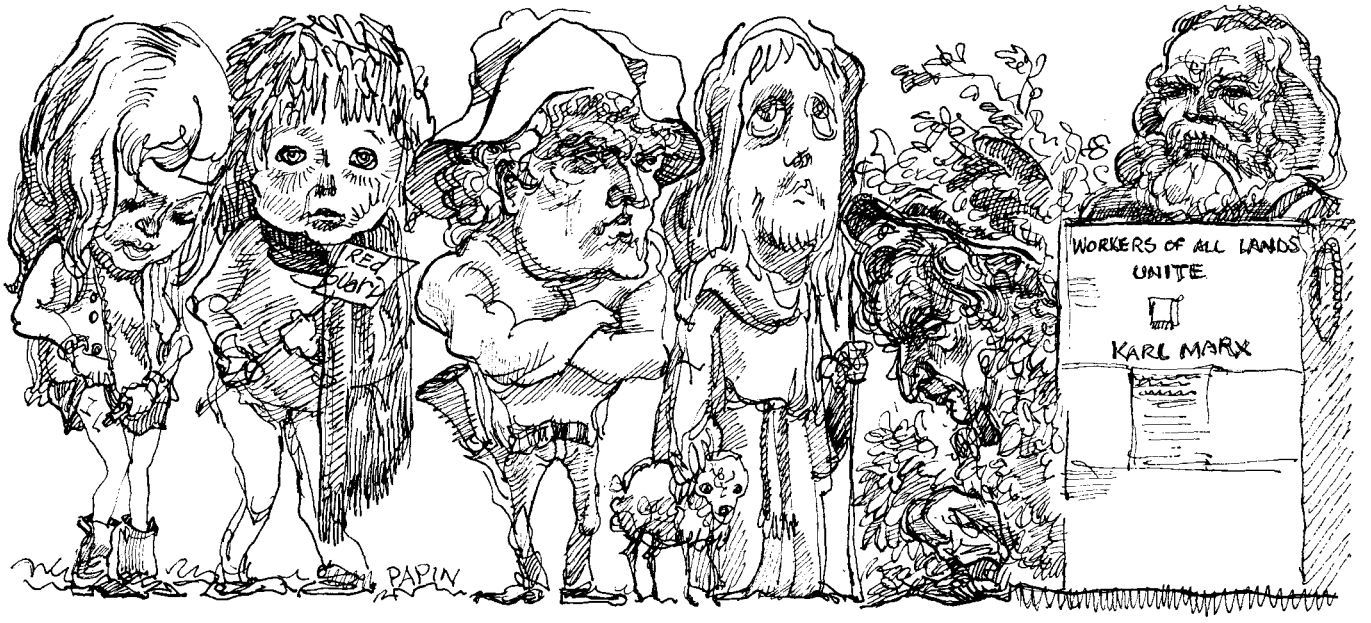
Whether or not "The Inarticulate Hero" has a message for us, he certainly *looks* as if he has, just as a man gesticulating in a glass telephone booth is presumably talking. And yet the earmarks of a common condition prevail: showing as telling. One *must* look like what one doesn't fully understand; one must especially look like what one wants to be in a hurry. The inability to either explain or embody love, for instance, necessitates that its four letters be inscribed with indelible lipstick on one's thigh, buttock or clavicle. To be a Red Guard is simple: a red scarf attached to a neck beneath a face empty and humorless. A general revolutionist, basic: a brown shapeless hat shadowing a brow purer and more noble than Michelangelo's David, greasy Levis, and a scroll of Castro's "agrarian reform" manifestos jammed carelessly but lovingly in the back pocket. The Che Guevara *persona* needs time, perish the thought: stubble on the cheek, dung-covered boots, and a studied glare, eyes blazing like zircons, that chills one to the bone but, at the same time, evokes the image of St. Paul addressing the Corinthians. Keep talk to a minimum, look petulant and, above all, remember: no one dressed like Bernard Baruch could ever be convincingly apocalyptic.

Drudgeries, one need not recapitulate, "The Inarticulate Hero" puts aside from the beginning. He assembles from a world of history and passion only the eclectic, ready-made beliefs of selected, charismatic souls, unexplained and inexplicable, into one unfragmented image of unblown cool that will be fool-proof against accusation to shock the credulous. The controlling idea, of course, is that if you look like St. Francis, you just might be—not become, but *be*—St. Francis; that if you go off to live in the bush, eat gooseberries, and use maple leaves to wipe yourself, you just might be Thoreau; that if you become angry and carbuncular enough, and whisper to your best girl that the poor have nothing to lose but their chains, you might very well find yourself someday with a big gravestone in Highgate, looking remarkably like that of Karl Marx. The verbal gift again becomes irrelevant. Everything has been said in Assissi, in *Walden*, and in *Das Kapital*. Why bother to say it again? The trick is now to exaggerate what the world neglects, as an antidote to human stupidity and sentimental preservationism, and to simulate, through mime and dress, the struggle for love, economic justice and fiscal sanity which others had meant to solve through suffering, deprivation and hard work. That a rhesus monkey could do the same thing appears to be a quibble left for such as I.

A calm falls. A black power advocate raises his fist in the economy of anguish, A Yippie offers himself as a Presidential candidate. A small girl presents her nasturtium to you. Asiatic madness, Eastern serenity: pinpointed in the silence of The Great Omphalos at which they stare and which they love—while a rude world looks on, able to see nothing other than a navel that can both contain and determine a given quantity of lint. What are you doing, we ask. Our thing, they say. What's that, we ask. What it's all about, they say. Which is, we ask. Telling it like it is, they say. Silence is either indicative of a lie or of truth, of good or of evil, of hope or of despair. It is as immense as Jupiter or as small as a billiard ball. It is man in his paradox, his contradiction, his confusion.

Rejoice!

So if "The Inarticulate Hero" has all of Proust's allergies and none of his talent; all of Dostoevsky's impulse and none of his passion; all of Orwell's opinion, none of his conviction; all of Wilde's color and none of his wit; all of Rimbaud's filth and none of his genius; all of Goethe's tears, none of his sorrows; and all of Christ's message and none of his beliefs—then what? A paradox, you say. That's the point, they say. A contradiction. Again the point, they say. A confusion, you add. Ah yes, they say, paradoxes, contradictions, confusions: the mystery of the unplumbed spirit, the mystique of the arch, disaffiliated child of light, born early, recognized late, a Son of Los come into the world "to launch his olive branch from a catapult" in an atmosphere of deep, inscrutable, but nevertheless imperishable silence. Let us all rejoice. □



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VIOLENCE ON CAMPUS

Hayakawa at Northeastern

DAVID BRUDNOY

BOSTON, *January 30*: S. I. Hayakawa, "the noted facist [sic] who grooves on watching pigs beat up white demonstrators and shoot black and brown people," lectured at Northeastern University yesterday. To avenge Chicago Panther Fred Hampton's death, "white kids who dig that this country sucks" came to do as the Weatherman handbill I've been quoting demanded: Get Hayakawa. A week for Northeastern to remember: terrified college administrators calling for injunctions; Northeastern senators endlessly debating the fine points of how to avoid chaos; then the ritual dance—Tuesday's protests against GE recruiters, Wednesday's threatened but aborted picketing of the College of Criminal Justice, Thursday's assault on Hayakawa and the police. Today, dozens of students are out on bail, several policemen and kids are hospitalized including one cop all of whose teeth were knocked out by a rock. The court issued its useless injunction as asked; demonstrating rioters responded with their grossest Northeastern performance to date.

Warned that Harvard's Weathermen had printed bogus tickets, security officials at three checkpoints scrutinized everyone's ticket and Northeastern ID card; getting in was just slightly less hairy than making it to your seat at the Chicago Democratic convention, but lots made it inside. Fifteen hundred milled outside as a thousand found their seats and strained to hear the diminutive Samurai from San Francisco State.

"There's a self-defeating quality to your tactics. The more difficult you make it for me to speak, the more influential and famous I become," Hayakawa began, in answer to the opening "oink, oink," "racist," "fascist," "shithead," "Vietnam's been raped" litany. He outlined, or attempted to outline, five goals of education, old-fashioned and true: understanding the world around us, learning about other people, developing aesthetic appreciation, acquiring skills, honing intellectual ability. He could barely be heard as bubble gum popped, knuckles cracked, hands applauded rhythmically, and "pig," "you stink," "fatuous Jap" and soap bubbles floated through the air. *"SDS rhetoric is incantation substituting for thought; Your Nazi tactics do you no honor."*

Maybe a hundred protesters, all told, contested with Hayakawa and the others in the audience, some of whom answered the SDSers in kind. In the press section, cameras and microphones shifted from Hayakawa to the sweet little girls, some my former students, shouting obscenities. My friend, a liberal sociologist, whispered: "You won't find a more conservative campus than Northeastern." I began to wonder. The second largest private university in America, with the biggest ROTC unit, offshoot of the YMCA, an educational opportunity for lower-middle-class, first-generation collegians: we'd always thought it a haven of apathy. "Conservative"? But since Northeastern's acquiescence to Negro demands two years ago, the Left has found its devices of threats and violence partially successful. While the Senate sits on its parliamentary duff and agonizes, the extremist students and their faculty allies prod, goad, accelerate their rhetorical war. *"The cult of violence on the Left is devoid of thought; merely mindless fanaticism."* Hayakawa's patience was drained. His lips trembled. *"Shut up!"* he whispered. "Your ass," they yelled back.

Hayakawa got hold of himself again: *"It's harder to teach democracy than ever before. The Leftists mouth the platitudes of Mao and Che, endowing their lives with heroic meaning by destroying buildings."* Outside, bull-horns, shouts of "Rush the auditorium," "Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh. . . ." Rocks hurling at policemen and buildings, policemen rushing the crowd, bashing skulls impartially, dragging students through glass doors. Inside: *"Young people are our greatest under-used natural resource, with their abundant idealism, their search for meaning."* Outside: more police vans, more cops hammering away, more rocks and billiard balls, more vulgarity. Point-counterpoint. *"Full of vital juices, students need dangers to face, responsibilities to shoulder, challenges to meet."* Hayakawa's clichés mixed with wisdom; "racist," "murderer," "right on, pig," were his rewards. Outside, what we'd often seen on TV, but never known in the flesh: blood, infuriated police, screaming kids. Hate. Hate on all sides. Hayakawa closed with words by D. H. Lawrence, at mention of whose name someone shouted "that racist!" Lawrence's poem: *"Thought. I love thought. . . . Thought is the testing of statements to the touchstone of conscience* [giggles]. *Thought is pondering over experience* [hisses]." A tight cordon helped Hayakawa leave.

Now all the action was in the quadrangle and the streets, and those of us who'd been indoors could experience what we'd missed: the war, for real. A "police riot"? Not quite, but almost. Grabbing the nearest handy bystanders, policemen dragged students off to paddy-wagons. Going to reason with a cop hauling one of his students away, political scientist Robert Cord, an immensely popular teacher, one of the most decent men at Northeastern, was jostled by the officer. "See Professor Cord, talk doesn't work. The kid had long hair, Professor Cord," another student cried. We stood stunned, our faculty status useless in trying to reason with anyone, cop or student or agitator. Talk didn't work, not last night.

While rioters, and policemen battled, a history department colleague and I debated the limits of heckling. He reminded me of the "noble tradition of heckling." Linguistics specialist Patricia famous semanticist, wasn't so sure. "By Kennedy, who'd come to hear the heckling, do you mean these post-pubescent temper tantrums can keep any unpopular view gagged?" Mrs. Kennedy asked my colleague. Including police temper tantrums, I wondered silently.

DO VIETCONG FLAGS waving outside the auditorium, or foul language, and a nearly successful attempt to silence Hayakawa, justify the view this morning of another professor, known as a conservative, that "we shouldn't have allowed Hayakawa to come; he's too much an incitement to violence"? Is this where we're heading? □

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THE DISPOSAL CRISIS

Our Effluent Society

ERIC B. OUTWATER

FROM NOW to the turn of the century the five boroughs of New York City will generate enough bottles, cans, paper and other solid waste to cover Central Park with a plateau the height of the Empire State Building.

No means for the disposal of most of it, short of shipping by train for deposit elsewhere, has as yet been conceived. It is no longer just a problem of "Keeping America Beautiful" by depositing trash in a litter basket; at a cost of from 60 to 90 cents to pick up one item of litter that has not been placed in the basket, we are now generating waste at the staggering rate of almost five pounds per day per person, and "where to put it" is growing into a crisis of monumental proportions.

Waste collection and disposal now cost the American public $6 billion per year, and the price keeps escalating. The word "disposal" is an unfortunate choice of words; "deposit" would be more apt, as more than 80 per cent of the solid waste in the United States goes into the ground pretty much in the form we discard it. The alternate methods of disposal are also far from ideal. The most common is to dump into an open pit, where combustion takes place which pollutes the air. Then leaching by rain pollutes the water table, and vermin infestation adds another unpleasant dimension to the problem.

The unsavory sight of such an area during its use and the uncertain qualities of its future use as a site for home building or as a recreational area leave only one redeeming feature—it's cheap. When waste is placed into the ground, there remains a residue from all methods of disposal that should be treated by a technique called sanitary land fill. By use of mechanical equipment the waste is not only compacted to reduce its volume, but is also daily covered by a layer of soil so that any burning is inhibited and exposure of the waste is at a minimum. By burying them we tend to forget the fact that many items of solid waste are virtually indestructible even after their deposit in the ground. A plastic bottle buried today will be in virtually the same condition ten or even a hundred centuries later.

Although most people believe that municipal incineration takes care of the problem, this is far from the case. The poor design of incinerators has made this technique not only costly but also a major contributor to air pollution. In New Jersey, of 32 incinerators built, only eleven are still operated. Uncontrolled incineration of the familiar open-burning or on-site type leaves bulky debris, and results in such self-defeating chaos as the 300,000 tons of solid matter that are discharged in the air of New York City every year, with the resultant vast cost of removal through cleaning and sweeping. As the composition of waste includes more and more fire-resistant items, such as glass and metal, these add to the residue that must be removed from the incinerator and deposited elsewhere.

A much-touted system of re-use and reclamation to recover part of the cost is known as "composting." This system does produce something of value to the farmer. But, unfortunately, the cost of production and the fact that our largest waste-generating areas are far from agricultural areas has made composting in most areas uneconomical when compared to its more efficient chemical equivalent.

Ideally, waste should be reclaimed and cycled into a re-use pattern such as the system built in the space capsules. Some effort has been made with the aluminum beer can, but economies of re-use and a trend in consumer demand has resulted in almost all consumer packaging being on a one-trip, single-service basis. Even with waste paper: as recently as fifteen years ago over 60 per cent was salvaged, but today, due to the economics of the paper industry, only 10 to 20 per cent is recycled. Regrettably, manual sorting is the only way known to separate plastic, aluminum and glass from waste. Ideally, manual sorting should be done in the home or at the point of initial disposal. To accomplish this, a vast consumer education program would be necessary, as well as a system of economic incentives for recycling.

The crisis in disposal is also complicated by the arbitrary political boundaries between communities. Where one area has high population density, another might have land available for disposal. Getting two communities to agree on a mutually acceptable arrangement has often proved impossible. Compounding the difficulty is the fact that physical boundaries of watersheds, airsheds and disposal areas are not likely to coincide.

This points up the competition for sites between the community need for living space, and the community need for a deposit area or disposal site. The inability of local governments and private groups to solve their own problems and the unwillingness of industry to acknowledge its role in the disposal crisis have raised the possibility of massive intervention of the Federal Government.

Federal Intervention, Or . . .

There are, of course, many sources of pollution other than solid waste that affect our environment. As the number of automobiles soars and the level of air pollution increases, the ability of the atmosphere to cleanse itself of exhaust falls farther and farther behind. Additionally, there is oil pollution in the ocean, pollution of water through dumping raw sewage and industrial waste, and even noise pollution.

It is interesting to note that many of the proponents of conservation talk in such phrases as "clean air," "pure water" and "litter free." These are, of course, no longer realistic goals for a conservationist—he can now only strive to keep the levels of waste and pollution below the community's threshold of non-acceptability. These levels of tolerance are closely related to what a community is willing to pay, in relation to what it is willing to put up with. This is normally the conditioning of people already hardened through continued exposure to varying degrees of pollution. A ghetto family is likely to be resigned to dirty streets, but draws the line at rat infestation.

In most areas we are willing to accept the fact that if things don't get worse,

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we can put up with them. But, of course, the situation everywhere will get worse, in geometrical proportion, in the near future. New York City is facing the problem of having no more deposit sites within seven years, at the present rate of generation, without resorting to using trains to ship the material to some distant site.

The hope has been often expressed that technological breakthroughs will come to alleviate the problem. These are usually a matter of incentives, which do not appear as yet to exist. A survey of the hundred largest manufacturers in the United States shows little or no involvement in the development of any methods to alleviate the waste problem, even that generated by the use of their own products. Rarely has clear-cut acknowledgement been made of their responsibility for adding to our pollution and waste-disposal problems. This is understandable, since the aims of the package manufacturer and the conservationist not only fail to coincide, but conflict. The conservationist would like to see packaging homogeneous, easily degradable and uniform in size. The packager strives to achieve marketability through more types of packages and combinations of materials that are the strongest possible.

What will it take to make industry assume its responsibility in this area? Perhaps a Ralph Nader or Rachel Carson will come along and act as a catalyst, or some new breakthrough in reduction and energy exchange may be developed. What is much more likely is belated governmental recognition of the problem, followed by severe and strict federal and state legislation and interference at every level.

The following excerpt from a bill introduced in the New York State Senate by Senator Seymour in February 1968 was one of at least seventeen acts introduced in as many state legislatures concerned with ultimate disposal of packaging materials: "To prescribe regulations governing the design and composition of disposable containers manufactured or sold within the state, to facilitate reclamation of waste materials contained therein or to aid the decomposition or other disposal thereof."

When we consider that pollution problems result not only from such tangible items as old cars and furniture, ships, packages, smoke and building rubble, but also from heat, noise, waste water, invisible odorless gas, and crop fertilizers, and affect health, crops and even the supply of oxygen in our atmosphere, we realize the staggering opportunities for the well-meaning government bureau to involve itself in every level of our existence.

. . . *Voluntary Limitation?*

Effective voluntary limitation of much waste generation would be possible if the economic advantages were fully understood and translated into tangible financial savings. Lower maintenance costs to home owners, the easing of discomfort and the reduction of doctor bills for asthma sufferers could be proven if, for instance, the sulfur content of fuel oil used for heating were lowered. The marketing convenience of one-way packages for beverages would not be as attractive if the disposal costs were reflected in tax savings by bottlers who furnish returnable deposit bottles.

Federal legislation enacted in a time

of acute crisis, by necessity, is normally overly restrictive when applied nationally, regardless of degree of the crisis in a particular area. Waste and pollution problems vary markedly by area. Local ordinances could reflect the needs of particular communities and would tend to be more equitable. To pass worthwhile local ordinances and to encourage community cooperation, there must be an accurate source of unbiased information. Until recently no public service organization existed on a national level that could supply the necessary unbiased and accurate information on which a local community could base its planning, and which could factually mediate between political groups.

A new non-profit organization has been organized called FORCE, the Foundation for Responsible Conservation of our Environment, which will be programming a data bank to give up-to-date answers to such questions as cost and efficiency of various disposal methods, as they apply to a particular area. Also under study will be the level of public tolerance for waste and pollution. More important, FORCE will provide information assistance, such as accurate data regarding the addition or deletion of various sources of waste and pollution on a national level. Thus, if a soft-drink bottler switches to a particular package, this fact will be programmed and related to its effect on the disposal facilities of a specified community in that bottler's distribution area, so that long range planning and local legislation can be geared to fact, as it applies to that area. This will eliminate guesswork, or the costly and lengthy undertaking of a private study by a consulting firm on an area-by-area basis.

It must be apparent that James Reston's recent statement in the *New York Times* that "the old optimistic illusion that we can do anything we want is giving way to doubt, even to a new pessimism" is again confirmed by our seeming plunge into a conflicting chaos of cause and effect in the constant changes in our human environment. We should take heart however from the fact that modern man can adjust and thrive in an atmosphere of environmental pollution, crowding, dietary deficiency, monotony and ugliness, at the same time heeding the warning of René Dubos in his book *So Human an Animal* that "all too often the wisdom of the body is a short-sighted wisdom" and "evaluated over the entire lifespan, the homeostatic mechanisms through which adaption is achieved often fail in the long run because they result in delayed pathological effects."

We must hope that man's massive interventions will not, in William Faulkner's words, "turn the earth into a howling waste, from which he would be the first to vanish." □

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THE NIXON PLAN

Compounding the Welfare Mess

HENRY HAZLITT

IRONICALLY, the professional staff of the House Ways and Means Committee, a group controlled by the Democrats, has criticized the Republican Nixon welfare program chiefly from a conservative point of view.

The staff analysis asserts that, by extending welfare to working families, "the government, in a sense, would be telling a working father that he is officially not capable of supporting his family at what the government believes is the necessary level. One possible reaction of some fathers may be to let the government take over the job of completely supporting his family." Another criticism is that when he looks at how the plan applies to his family, a father "may soon realize that the only way for him to increase his income is to have a larger family. . . ." A third criticism is that some families might buy goods to reduce their cash assets, "a color TV, for example." A fourth is that "government supplements to the wages of the working poor could create a subsidized pool of cheap labor to employers."

This report, however, no doubt inspired by Committee Chairman Wilbur D. Mills, by no means assures that the Democratic Congress will flatly reject the Nixon plan. More likely it will put together a welfare package that the Democrats can call their own, and outbid even the Nixon plan in total cost.

Because the President's proposal, which he first put forward on television on August 8, was couched entirely in the rhetoric of conservatism, many conservatives were misled, and it was weeks before the plan received effective criticism. By far the best analysis is the 23-page study put out by the American Conservative Union. Among the points it makes are these:

The new plan makes it more comfortable to be on welfare, both by eliminating any means test and by increasing benefits for many welfare clients while decreasing benefits for none.

Mr. Nixon proposes that the federal level be $1,600 for a family of four with no outside income. A family of ten would be eligible to receive an income of $3,400 a year from the Federal Government, with any state allowance in addition.

One great danger in federalizing welfare is the new opportunity it provides for manipulation by organized groups. Welfarists will be able to concentrate all their pressures directly on Washington. This very tactic has often been employed to force increases in Social Security benefits and minimum wage laws. Already the AFL-CIO and other pressure groups are attacking President Nixon's recommendation of $1,600 maximum annual payment to a family of four as totally inadequate. They demand no less than a full $3,500, the minimum federal poverty level income.

The program will more than double the number of welfare recipients, adding twelve million more to the nearly ten million already on the rolls.

It will cause an initial increase of $5 billion in the federal budget, and perhaps double that.

It was put forward as a "workfare" program. "Everyone," said Mr. Nixon, "who accepts benefits must accept work or training, provided suitable jobs are available. . . The only exceptions would be those unable to work and mothers of pre-school children." But the ACU points out that after we deduct the blind, the disabled, the aged, the children and the mothers of pre-school children from the 9.6 million people now receiving aid, only about 500,000 or 5 per cent, would be required to accept work or receive job training under the Nixon plan. Whether the work requirement could be enforced even for these is more than doubtful. Already the professional welfare advocates are charging that any work requirement would amount to "involuntary servitude."

The Administration itself has greatly expanded the program since it was announced. White House aides said at first that the Family Security plan would at least eliminate food stamps. A few months later they announced that food stamps would not only remain, but that the annual appropriation for them would be doubled. This means that each family of four would not receive a federally guaranteed annual income of $1,600 (not counting state payments) but an additional food stamp allotment bringing the total federally paid income to $2,380.

The Nixon plan is in fact a "guaranteed annual income." The President himself said on December 8: "All of us want the poor to have a minimum floor [under their income], and that floor to be as high as possible." In other words, a person who will not work has a "right" to live permanently off the earnings of another man who can and does.

To these cogent criticisms I would like to add one point that has been generally neglected. Mr. Nixon deplores the wide state-by-state variations in relief payments. He claims as an outstanding merit of his plan that it would provide, if not uniformity, at least a "basic national minimum payment" everywhere. But this overlooks the wide divergencies in prevailing income and living standards among the states. The 1960 census showed that the median money income of families in Connecticut was 138 per cent greater than of families in Mississippi—or inversely, that the median income of Mississippi families was only 42 per cent of that of Connecticut families, with other states diverging within this range.

THIS MEANS THAT even a uniform minimum national income guarantee that might do relatively minor harm in California or the Northeast would be so high compared with prevailing earned incomes in the Deep South as to tempt a third or more of the population to quit their jobs and climb aboard the welfare wagon, or to draw supplemental handouts. This could put a tremendous strain on precisely the state budgets that could least afford it.

A uniform minimum national welfare handout, in a nation with divergencies of up to 138 per cent in median earned family incomes among the states, would create far more serious problems than any it might solve. □

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Dr. Fager has a personal night watchman who sits beside his door.
New York Times Magazine
March 2, 1969

DROPOUT

I Am Dr. Fager's Night Watchman

J. D. TIERNEY

I SIT beside his door with a telephone and a short-wave radio nearby in case he doesn't act normally or a problem develops. Dr. Fager has such irregular sleeping habits that he may wake up at 3 A.M., eat for ten or twenty minutes, then go back to sleep in his white concrete room lined with polished cedar. The room has four windows, two doors, two skylights, a slow fan and an automatic fly-sprayer. On the front door is a bronze plaque showing that Dr. Fager is a member of the Ocala-Marion Chamber of Commerce. He is contented these days. Not lovable, but if he were like most of his kind I'd be dead by now. After all, he's probably feeling stronger now than he ever has. Yet, he savors his *dolce vita*.

So do I, when I think of my last job. Social Psychology instructor at the university. Sisyphus. One class after another. The militant Establishment.

At first, I enjoyed the sit-ins, riots and surrealist confrontations. They had humor and purpose. Both the administration and the faculty needed injections of concentrated disrespect to draw them back to the students from their sedulous preoccupation with teachers' rights (salaries), science (self-promoting research) and sabbaticals (loafing). Some of them hadn't taught a class in ten years or read a term paper in twenty. Their concept of political courage was to sign a twelve-thousand-name petition against the Vietnam war—as though they were the only ones on *that* side—then find their names in the columns of agate type in the *Times*.

The kids were right. They, not the faculty, protested the ABM debate when serious adults coldly discussed whether the United States or the Soviet Union could launch a surprise missile attack without mutual devastation. It was the students who draped ridicule on learned talk of spy satellites and multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles. They screamed that all this money and thought (but not the thought of the same scientists) should be spent on poverty, education, the cities, health and conservation. The faculty said, "You're perfectly right, but go away. The scientists are our friends and colleagues."

Then the kids fought back. It was gaudy low comedy for a while. They were at their best the night they handcuffed the head of the physics department, put him in a canoe and left him up the creek without a paddle.

They were great. But then they got to me. They refused to recite in class. At first I thought it was because they hadn't read the assignments; later that they just didn't care to discuss contemporary society. A fink coed told me it was both. I asked them why. They said I was applying old pedagogy to old sociology and that neither was relevant. So I dropped the seminar format and started to lecture all my classes. Solid fifty-minute soporifics: An Experiment in the Operation of Prestige Suggestion; Behavior in the Absence of Collective Solutions; Social Influences on Persistence and Change of Attitudes; The Change from Dry to Wet Rice Cultivation in Tanala-Betsilio.

They started lying on the floor. Some slept. Others read Marcuse, Genet, Cleaver, *Peanuts*. One of them told me Snoopy was a symbol of the New Left and Lucy a repressed nymphomaniac fascist. Next they formed a committee to teach the class. I was to sit in the back of the room. When I asked them if I'd have to listen, they said no, but that I would be exposed to the first true learning experience of my life if I did.

Then I decided to tell them. I told them they acted as a mob because they were ineffective and afraid as individuals. I said they were narrow, intolerant and the worst cabal of bigots in the nation. That they were young fogies; that they were masqueraders dressed in the uniforms of what, as men and women, they were not: sailors' pea jackets, soldiers' coats, steelworkers' shoes, Indian headbands, *dashikis*. I asked if it didn't amuse them to see a limp-handed, whey-faced English major, the son of a writer of television commercials, walking the campus dressed as a longshoreman. Or had they ever seen a longshoreman?

I told them they were a cold generation without personal loyalties; that they were righteous bores who made even sex unattractive; that they were incompetent sinners; that they were trying to found a revolution on principles no one ever heard of. I swore that when they cut their hair I'd let mine grow; that when they started to bathe, I'd go unwashed.

WELL. No more pencils, no more books. They organized and protested. They mobbed my classes. The administration got out the intellectual tar and feathers and ran me off the campus. I couldn't get another job anywhere in academe or even in the penal system. No freelance book review assignments. When my severance pay ran out, I came home to Florida.

That's when I became Dr. Fager's *night watchman*. It's a position with a future, if I'm careful. Dr. Fager is not a bad sort. Though I sometimes have to swing at his head to keep him from biting me, he never tries to knock me down with his feet. I think he likes me. He's only five years old, has recently gained 140 pounds and two permanent teeth. We're about ready to introduce him to the mares so that he can breed himself back. I hope he never develops Portnoy's Complaint. □

Pot Song

Smoking pot
On a cot
In a furnished room
Is a great way to kill the time
Waiting for the boom.

We're waiting for the boom
Waiting for the boom
Smoking pot
On a cot
In a furnished room.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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FRANK S. MEYER

STRUGGLE OVER THE LIBERAL HERITAGE

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

The New York Review of Books occupies a peculiar spot in American journalism. Granted that it is ostensibly a book-review organ and that it usually contains one or two excellent and authoritative reviews, nevertheless it has become primarily a political organ—so much so that a wit has dubbed it "The New York Review of Vietnam."

The role it plays politically is a strategic one. While its own position has moved steadily to the left over the past few years, it has throughout performed a consistent function, that of an intellectual link between left liberalism and the radical world of the New Left, the Black Panthers and the SDS. Its steady leftward slippage simply reflects the cumulative intransigence of the New Left. To maintain its connection with radicalism, the *New York Review* has had to run as fast as it can to stay in the same place.

Until fairly recently, however, it has successfully continued to interpret radicalism to the more adventurous of the liberals, who have managed in turn to bring about a general leftward drift of the entire liberal Establishment. Over a number of years it has been most interesting to observe how ideas, attitudes, campaigns, which were at the beginning "far out," have emerged in the circles and the press of the New Left, a few months later to be sympathetically discussed in the *New York Review of Books*, then to be considered in the staider liberal journals, and within a year or so to surface in the *New York Times* and the presentations Huntley, Brinkley and Cronkite.

A link can stretch only so far, however. Although established liberalism certainly has deep ideological responsibility for nihilist radicalism, it has also been the governing form of the social order in this country for the past forty years. While this contradiction creates the problem for conservatives that I discussed in my last column (*NR*, Jan. 27), it also creates a problem in the liberal-left continuum, and a particularly acute one at the point of liberal-radical linkage which the *New York Review* represents. For established liberalism can tolerate neither the actual effects of the nihilist offensive of the New Left nor its mindless antipathy both to the rationalist and the pragmatic heritage of liberalism.

The result has been an increasing strain on the endeavor the *New York Review* has been so heroically conducting. That strain has been apparent in many sections of national life: defense of the Vietnam war by such adherents of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations as John P. Roche, Walt W. Rostow and Eugene V. Rostow; the attack on the "black studies" offensive by such Negro liberals as Kenneth Clark and Bayard Rustin; or the coming together of liberal and conservative scholars in the University Centers for a Rational Alternative (UCRA) to stem the tide of anarchy of the campus.

THESE PHENOMENA: indeed are becoming more than a strain on the link between liberalism and radicalism. So far as the more perceptive and civilizationally conscious of the liberals are concerned, the link has snapped; and the left liberals of the *New York Review* are facing the problem of maintaining their radical-leaning influence over the broad liberal community, particularly the strategic New York-centered intellectual community. It has been rather fascinating watching them search for a tactic. The lines of resolution of their dilemma over the past year or so have become clearer and clearer. What has emerged is a mounting attack upon responsible liberals, designed to convince their audience that they are in fact out-and-out reactionaries.

A recent issue of the *New York Review*, that of February 12, brings out this tactic in stark relief. Incidentally, this issue is also typical of the combination of capable intellectual and cultural criticism with savage political warfare that is the journal's ongoing mode of operation. It contains a brilliant discussion of several books on fascism by one of England's outstanding scholars of Communism and totalitarianism, Leonard Schapiro, and an interesting analysis of the avant-garde Polish theatrical producer Jerzy Grotowski, by Elizabeth Hardwick. But its major impact is political, and sharply tactically directed.

TO BEGIN WITH, there are nine or ten pages devoted to an emotional defense of Allen Ginsberg's testimony at the Chicago conspiracy trial and a transcript of that testimony—positive propaganda for radicalism. But this sort of thing has been standard with the *New York Review* for a long time. What is new is a massive assault, in one review, on Sidney Hook's *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy* and on Daniel J. Boorstin's *The Decline of Radicalism*, and in another, on Dean Acheson's *Present at the Creation*. Though the first is concerned with domestic policy and the second with foreign policy, they convey the same message: these former paladins of liberalism have become The Enemy. The titles of the reviews epitomize their bile and hatred. The Hook-Boorstin review is headed "Yes Men" (to reaction, of course), and the Acheson review is headed "Commissar of the Cold War."

How the mighty are fallen—even if in the effort to bring them down the devil himself has to be cleaned up a bit. "The march to the Yalu . . . [which] followed from the earlier decision to move north across the 38th parallel and destroy the North Korean regime"—that primordial sin in the liberal scriptures on world policy—is no longer the satanic inspiration of Douglas MacArthur. "The responsibility for that decision," in the new dispensation of the *New York Review*, "rests with Acheson, Marshall and Truman." □

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

In The Tenth Year

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

"So we're tired, people, and if our voices crack," said Peter Yarrow when he explained that he and Paul Stookey and Mary Travers had been singing at peace marches for four days, "try and think of it as a crack for peace." Which remark was greeted with applause and cheers.

The concert was in Boston's Symphony Hall and their voices didn't crack. They had just come on. "Leaving on a Jet Plane" was one of the first songs; it has, just recently, left the top position on the charts. Mary's voice reached out—now lilting, now gripping—contrasting with the deeper tones of Paul, and with those of Peter who was, completing the harmony, somewhere in between.

The message and melody of "Jet Plane" were simple—such are folk songs. But with each listening, in the guitars and the three-part harmony, there was always something new. That is a way of saying that the music of Peter, Paul and Mary is simple and subtle. Which is a way of explaining why, after ten years in a fickle, volatile market, they still come up with hit records.

It is dangerous to write about them. They are to folk music what Leary is to drugs. And yet . . . and yet the reputation was earned; "Cruel War," "The Hammer Song," "This Land," "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," "Blowing in the Wind." They sang some of them that night. The audience, mostly college students, reacted standing, cheering. Peter said, "People, we want you to know we understand completely what you're saying. We know you're there, and we know you know where it's at."

So why shouldn't they know where it's at? Those are the songs that made it in the Sixties; they're their songs. The ones sung in the local coffeehouses that were the talk of the high-school cafeterias. Way back, when "coffeehouse" meant something daring.

"Dylan's songs were the biggest influence on our generation," someone told Mary after the concert. Maybe so, but it was Peter, Paul and Mary who took them from him, denasalized them, and made them. So it was that a generation heard "The Times They Are a' Changin' ":

Come mothers and fathers all over this land,
And don't criticize what you can't understand.
Your sons and daughters are beyond your command . . .
For the times, they are a' changin'.

And in the other verses, the politicians, the generals, the authors and the critics received their instructions. It was straight and hard; it was left-wing. And it was the folk music of the last decade.

But no more. Sure, Peter talked about Vietnam that night in Boston, and rattled on about Spiro and the new McCarthy Era. But he also rapped the radicals. "Violence breeds violence. That's what they don't understand," he said. "We have to get the United States committed to human beings. People have to get together."

And sure, the group sang the protest songs they made famous. But it was far more nostalgic than it was hortatory. The lyrics to one of their more recent songs that symbolize the change:

I've got a song, let me sing it for you,
Let me say it now while the meaning is new.
But wouldn't it be good if we could sing it together?

"Don't be afraid to sing me your mind,
Sing about the joy that I know we can find,
Wind them around and see what they sound like together.

The song is Love. The song is Love. The song is Love.

It's a part of the larger trend in the music business. Tell an A&R man at one of the big labels that you have a hot protest song for him, and he can't fit you in that week. And the observers, as *Time* would put it, have noticed at places like Newport and Woodstock a movement away from ideology to the more enduring themes. Even Phil Ochs, super-protester himself, just wants to be left alone to write his love songs. And hell, Bob Dylan's a millionaire.

So if music really has become the vehicle of expression for the young today, and it grows steadily less ideological, where to from here? The love ethic? Humanism? Romanticism? Transcendentalism? Yes, each of those; and even religion. Paul, who has written one of the religious songs in the group's repertoire, told me that night, "You know I'm really into the Bible now, the Book of Ecclesiastes. It's beautiful, you can really relate it to what's going on today. I think religion is the coming thing."

And then there is the boom on the campus in religious studies; the hippie sects continue to grow; even Allen Ginsberg and his Eastern mysticism are part of it. Paul Stookey could have something.

So now what? From the "kids" who were going to put Gene McCarthy in the White House, from the children whose parents gobbled up Feuerbach, Marx and Freud on the subject—a new religious age? Ushered in, with the help of the bass player, by two beards and a blonde hair? Presided over by the National Committee for the Ontological Argument?

Well, no. It's just that the war against the war is over, and Tom Hayden and the SDSers have lost some of their shock appeal, and the "New Politics" appears a fad. And the next crusade, already off and marching, is for the environment.

So the direction is away from the ideological. And the "eternal questions," as Dostoyevsky called them, are getting asked. And anybody who answers them with a hymn to the welfare state is going to sound anachronistic.

Something could develop. It's been happening. As Dylan put it on the back of one of the albums,

"For Peter's grown
An' Paul's grown
An' Mary's grown
An' the times've grown." □

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DELECTATIONS

Brittany Is All Sorts of Things

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

We got off to a bad start linguistically when my sister Jane informed the Paris hairdresser first morning out that just as soon as she had disembarrassed herself of her pillow he could get at her greasy horses, the distinctions between *oreiller* and *boucle d'oreille*, *chevaux/cheveux* having dimmed since the dear, dead days of Mlle. Bouchex. Five days later, three days into our motor trip through Brittany, Jane had so adapted herself to the idiom that, at a crucial parting of the ways, she informed me happily: "The Departmental 139 empties itself into National 180, that which is a good thing" as that is where we had wished to be emptied en route from Pont Audemer to Honfleur.

We had wondered about our reception in this first post-de Gaulle fall in France and our initial reaction was that a touch of the Teutonic had worked itself into the vocabulary of French hotelkeepers. In Amiens (which is admittedly *une direction un peu bizarre* for one proceeding from Paris to Brittany) that fascinating bulletin on the back of every French hotel bedroom door informed us: "The management bids you welcome and kindly draws your attention over a few points of the internal organization." Not explicit threat, but. . . . At Mont-St.-Michel, soaring and beautiful, a needle of stone reaching toward the heavens, the rhetoric was more extreme: "The evening meal is *obligatory* (17 to 21 hrs). No room is let unless this condition is accepted." Actually Madame at the desk had put it more urbanely. Would we, she asked, be eating at the Du Guesclin that night since she would be very pleased indeed, if we were, to reserve for us a table overlooking the ramparts the sight of which, she added, is *marrant* in the moonlight. The ground rule in France is that you always eat at the country hotel you put up at since it is on the food and the drink that the French hotelkeeper makes his money (almost always the price of the dinner will be more than the very moderate price of room and breakfast).

When I speak of drink in this connection, I mean wine, not martinis. Between martinis and French country hotelkeepers, there is no rapport. In our initial, more inexperienced days, we attacked the martini problem thus. We carried a bottle of gin with us and we would order up two glasses of vermouth—*très sec, mais très sec, madame*—and *beaucoup de glace*. The vermouth that arrived was invariably pas sec and the glace pas adequate. You will say, why didn't you make your own martinis and we will reply because French hotelkeepers do not take kindly to sending up maids with bowls of glace for which there can appear no payment on the bill, at least not those hotelkeepers of *simple mais*

tout confort hostelries that Jane and I like to patronize (Jane's and my concept of tout confort is not exactly the same as our mother's but she, poor dear, is learning resilience). Next we tried asking them to send up the martinis already mixed—a disaster. I then suggested that we buy the vermouth ourselves and order up three glasses of gin with beaucoup de glace, but mother vetoed this as unladylike (and probably fattening). Our final solution, very successful, was to send Jane down and have her stand over the bartender as he mixed the drinks (which is not as unfair as it sounds since departmental responsibilities had been made clear from the start: *Guide*, Priscilla; *Boissons*, Jane; *Plaintes*, Mother). A warning: no matter how grave the emergency we *cannot* recommend the brand carried by a small greengrocer in beautiful Dinan: "Old Lady's Dry Gin."

We had been warned when we decided to visit Brittany in October that the weather might be "*cracheux*." Whether this meant that we would encounter "spitting rain" or whether the weather would be "to spit on" was not quite clear to us, but either interpretation sounded bad. In the event, the weather was lovely: eight clear beautiful sunny days, each more halcyon than the last.

Brittany is the country of the Celts: it has a language of its own, a strong separatist movement; it had a druidic civilization long before the Christian era. It is a land of pounding seas, hardy fishermen: it was royalist when France was revolutionary; violently Catholic during the wars of religion; a land of myth and legend, evil spirits, mean-minded devils, hobgoblins. Best is the story of good King Gradlon, monarch of the fabulous city of Is, a city so remarkable that it is said the people of Lutetia called their own city Par-Is (like Is). Poor Gradlon. His daughter fell in love with the Devil, stole the golden keys to the gates that kept out the sea. The Devil opened the gates and the floodwaters engulfed Is. It lies, according to legend, off the fishing port of Douarnenez and still, when storms lash the coast you can hear the sunken bells of the city ringing, and still, on the rocks off Douarnenez, the wicked daughter, turned into a mermaid for her sins, sings her siren songs to lure men to death on the rocks.

But King Gradlon is not held accountable for these disasters. He still sits astride the mighty charger that carrried him to safety from the floodwaters, high above the cathedral of Quimper, between the two mighty Gothic towers. And there, for centuries, each year on July 28, someone

(Continues on page 219)

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The Past That Never Was

POUL ANDERSON

Chariots of the Gods?
by Erich von Däniken, translated by Michael Heron
Putnam, 189 pp. $5.95

Here we go again.

It would be interesting and perhaps important to know why men have such a perennial fascination with the idea of wildly spectacular events and civilizations in the distant past. Just in modern times, one thinks immediately of Churchward, Donnelly, Piazzi Smith, Mme. Blavatsky, Shaver, Velikovsky—and now von Däniken. Depth-psychological study might give to the works of people like these an importance as diagnostic material that would make up for their total lack of any other value.

The pattern is always the same: an omnium-gatherum of what myths, legends and historical records will fit the author's thesis, they being trimmed to fit if necessary while those that can't be so treated are ignored; a snowstorm of data either irrelevant or erroneous; page after page of rhetoric; and a repeated reminder that the dogmatic Establishment also persecuted Galileo. The trouble with refuting any of these books is not that it's hard—rather, it's unsportingly easy—but that to go down the line, point by point, takes more time and print than is worth anybody's while.

However, a brief description of the present example may help you steer clear of the next one.

In justice, I should say that the author seems quite sincere, and concerned with raising questions rather than erecting new orthodoxies. (This would be laudable if only they were questions about real mysteries, of which Lord knows there are plenty.) Furthermore, he lets poor old Atlantis rest in peace. His glorious culture of the past was not terrestrial at all; it belonged to visitors from space who, guiding and interbreeding with primitive man, gave rise to the religions, technologies and societies of early historical times.

Now it *is* orthodox these days to believe that probably many inhabited planets exist in the universe. The feasibility of interstellar travel is debatable, but equally good men are ranged on both sides of the argument. As reputable a scientist as Carl Sagan has wondered whether the nonhuman benefactors of man in Sumerian chronicles may actually have been visitors from another star. The point is that Sagan admits this is sheer speculation with no strong evidence to back it, while von Däniken claims he can demonstrate that something of the kind did in fact happen.

We can dismiss at once his notion that the Outsiders brought man into existence by contributing their superior chromosomes to pre-man. First, everything we know about genetics and biopoesis indicates that our genus could more readily be crossed with moose or tobacco plants than with any extraterrestrials. Second, Homo Sapiens does not suddenly appear in the fossil record; on the contrary, several early types like Neanderthal man have lately had to be put in the same species.

But might not the Outsiders have been remembered in stories about gods, fiery chariots, heavenly realms, rains of fire and the rest? Might they not have given the elements of civilization to our ancestors, who drew pictures of them for us to see today? For instance, how can the Piri Reis map show Earth on an accurate Cairo-centered equidistant projection, if it weren't copied from a photograph taken from orbit? Well, the Piri Reis map is interesting and admittedly somewhat puzzling, but it isn't that accurate. Besides, if you look down on Cairo, you don't see the whole planet in equidistant projection. Try it with a globe.

The other "proofs" are even feebler. Thus, it is asserted that various works of art, ranging from paleolithic European to late Aztec, show nonhuman beings in unmistakable spacesuits or spacecraft. To my eye, they show nothing of the sort; I see shamans in costume, gods surrounded by emblems, that kind of thing. The Sumerians used huge numbers and wrote down vivid descriptions of the world as observed from a great height. So what? Their minds and imaginations were as good as yours or mine. The astronomical analog computer from 82 B.C., discovered off Antikythera, does not prove that the makers had a heliocentric concept, it merely proves they were ingenious mechanics. Such widespread articles of faith as the special importance of Sirius (the brightest star, after all), the flying gods, the child found abandoned who becomes a national leader, and the resurrection of the body need no extra-terrestrial influence for their explanation, only the broad similarity of human experience, human thought and feeling.

The claim that Ezekiel's vision of "wheels within wheels" describes a spaceship and its crew is typical of the use of myth in this whole genre. We find never a word about Ezekiel's other visions, which were of quite different things. Likewise, the Ark of the Covenant simply cannot have acted as a condenser and electrocuted Uzzah (2 Samuel 6:7). Ask your radio repairman—though if you show him the book, he's likely to ask you what the hell is meant by "an electric conductor of several hundred volts."

Nor is it true that the Egyptians, Mayans and Easter Islanders could never have raised their monuments without machinery. They could and did. The methods are known. For in-

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stance, modern Easter Islanders have several times duplicated, transported and erected big tikis for the entertainment of anthropologists.

The corrections could go on and on. A change of Earth's rotation period as rapid as Hörbiger claimed would have flattened everything on the surface. Nobody says tachyons "must" exist. The erg, the metric unit of energy, is wrongly defined. Sagan does not insist the Martian moon Phobos is hollow, therefore artificial. The *Nautilus* experiments in telepathy had no positive results. Many more than a dozen men understood Einstein. No probe has yet "landed smoothly" on Venus. Is there any reason to continue the list? The author even manages to garble Velikovsky!

Nonetheless the publisher says the book is an international bestseller. I am afraid we will always have with us that personality type which de Camp has named the credophile. □

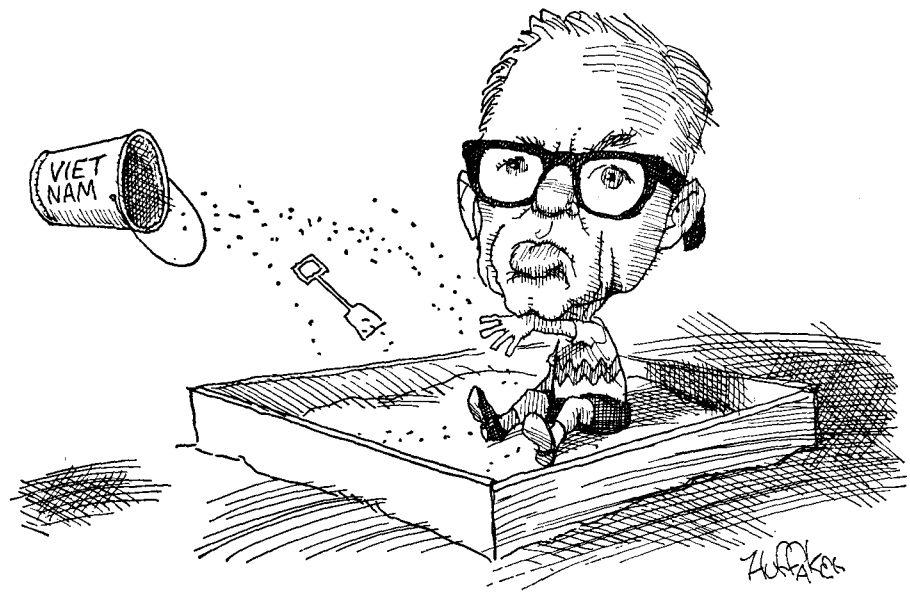
Decent and Indecent: Our Political and Personal Behavior
By Dr. Benjamin Spock
McCall, 210 pp., $5.95

THE WORLD AS A WELL-RUN SANDPILE

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

"The main lesson in school is how to get along in the world," Dr. Spock counseled parents in his famous what's-wrong-with-baby book. Now, in another book aimed presumably at "the Spock generation," the peace-loving pediatrician seeks to extend his care-and-feeding advice from the cradle almost to the grave. This book, which reads like *Ladies' Home Journal* laced with *Ramparts*, is a what's-wrong-with-America book, and now the main lesson in life, not school, is how to get along in the world.

Spock's vision of this "friendly world," which we cannot "build" until we modulate our "power drive" and lose our "anti-Communist paranoia," is the vision of a happy, well-run sandpile, in which firmness and mutual cooperation will solve our major personality problems. And very selective problems they are. It seems only Americans



have them. "Our own aggressiveness and hatred," for example, are "pushing us inexorably to self-destruction." "We are only half-civilized" which is "particularly dangerous" since we are "able to call the tunes for the world."

These evaluations are larded into discussions of "adult problems," a doctorly dissertation on growing up absurd that does not manage to disguise the castor oil in the puréed peas. Spock has no doubt about priorities. "I agree," he says, "we must keep searching for political forms that will control the imperialist impulse." And into the one-ring circus of his mind trot the instructive animals of Ardrey and Lorenz, to flap their wings and bare their necks for a SANE nuclear policy.

Spock goes not into factual arguments, but usually states a premise and then moves quickly into realms of morality or civility. How can one respond to such notions and tactics? The challenge is akin to that of debating someone to whose lips, with Pavlovian infallibility, leap phrases such as "evils of Stalinism," "red-baiting McCarthy era," "Bobby Kennedy's warmth," "Walter Lippmann's towering humanity"—or "Dr. Spock's courage." There's no help for it. The twig, so to speak, was bent from babyhood. Patient, Socratic backtracking in logic, reasoning or perception does not serve. One deals with a state of mind, an emotional commitment. Challenge a single point and the whole structure deems itself threatened.

And yet, people of Spock's persuasion have solved the problem on their end rather cleverly by promoting, and believing, the notion of a badly created world, in which the flaws of Men—unfunctional as an obsolete model automobile—must be put right, modernized, whether psychiatrically, electrochemically, genetically, by fiat or by force. (See "Birth Defects in Parents" in future editions of *Baby and Child Care*.)

CAN ONE PUT CONFIDENCE in rationally reasoning with a man who writes: "Though the emotional steps by which we let ourselves become involved in a war are ridiculously easy to analyze and, on this account, should be easy to avoid, few of us seem willing to go through the mild intellectual discipline required . . ."? If those are the words of a well man, we should all report to the nearest funny farm for Imperialist Impulse Control. They are almost cruelly foolish words; yet they may convince some Spock-spooked young parents who, instead of going through the "mild intellectual discipline," will more likely simply poke a peace button into their lapels.

I should say more about the contents of the book, about Spock's even-handed view of pornography, the declining dignity of sex, his regret over the nasty greeting cards people send these days, his affirmation that kids make a marriage go round right—nothing one would fault, save for the more militant young folk who are already whispering "cop-out" about the book. But these things are like the bridal tips in magazines ". . . for a spiffing dinner party, use a table and be sure there are plenty of glasses . . . a bright tablecloth livens up the groaning board. . . . Guests are

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de rigueur. . . ." Why bother? Everything in the book leads up to his statement of the *moral* issues, which are: Get out of Vietnam.

Enough. But one last thing about that "friendly world" Spock hankers after. Discussing the male infant's desire to grow babies just like mom, Spock remarks: "It's not commonly realized that boys at three and four and five wish to perform exactly the same miracle of creation. If their mothers tell them that this is impossible, they will typically refuse to accept reality for many months, insisting they can do it if they want to." And by eight, they can write like Walter Lippmann. □

The Harding Era
By Robert K. Murray
University of Minnesota, 626 pp., $13.50

HARDING RIDES AGAIN

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Years ago I remember walking past the U.S. History shelves of Harvard's Widener Library where the American Presidents were chronologically embalmed and noticing how little space was given to Harding. I had to look twice to spot that handful of volumes —a couple of pre-humous works along the lines of *The Illustrious Life and Works of Warren G. Harding*, a thin book of thin speeches, those lurid twins *The President's Daughter* and *The Strange Death of President Harding*, and Samuel Hopkins Adams' deft scandal-pudding, *Incredible Era.*

The gap remained for decades, and not until after World War II did the Ph.Ds and the post-Ph.Ds begin to zero in on the man from Marion. At the time of the opening of the Harding Papers in 1964 I remember talking to a young assistant professor from New York engaged in writing a Harding biography, a doctrinaire liberal who detested Harding both as a man and a politician and had only contempt for Ohio. "But why," I asked him, "are you writing about Harding?" "Because," he said, with the conscious overtones of Everest, "he is there."

The Harding revival—if one can call it that—began in April, 1963 with the publication in *American Heritage* of "The Four Mysteries of President Harding," the mysteries being whether he was partly Negro, whether he had had a child by his mistress, whether his wife had murdered him and just what papers of his she had burned after his death. Although the article dealt temperately and for the most part negatively with the questions, the surviving Hardings were much angered that the door to the cupboard they preferred to pretend wasn't there had again been opened.

FOR A THIRD OF A CENTURY after Harding's death his papers—some 300,000 items—had been in the secretive, senile hands of Doctor Carl Sawyer of the Harding Memorial Association. Only in 1964 were they finally turned over to the Ohio Historical Society and made available to the general public. Ironically the ceremonial opening of the Harding Papers in Columbus was followed a few weeks later by the discovery of the hundred or so letters Harding had written to his Marion mistress, Carrie Phillips, over a period of fifteen years. In them Harding had set down his sexual longings in bulbous prose and verse. The Harding heirs—represented chiefly by the two nephews of the late President—were further jolted by this renewed scandal, a sour note among the harmonies being prepared for the Harding Centennial in 1965, a celebration which they intended as the start of their ancestor's rehabilitation. The Hardings bought up the letters from the Phillips heirs and initiated a million dollar law suit against the *New York Times* and others—including me—whom they held respon-

RANDOM NOTES

■ You've heard of the New Left. Now there's something called the True Left. And they've got their own magazine: *Idiot International*, a self-styled "serious" journal. The first issue of *Idiot* will be published in French, followed rapidly by English, Italian and German editions. . . . Paging Tommy Manville: that cool stud of the geriatric set, William O. Douglas, has written what is described in the publisher's blurb as an "explosive" defense of young protesters, *Points of Rebellion* (Random House, $4). . . . From the sublime to the ridiculous, the wisdom of adolescents on everything from dope to poverty can be found in a book of quotations edited by Marc Libarle and Tom Seligson, *High School Revolutionaries* (Random House, $5.95). . . . Gilding the lily: a book called *The Emmy Award: A Pictorial History* by James Robert Parish (Crown, April).

■ BELIEVE it or not, urban history *can* be fun without sacrificing any scholarly integrity. Professors Glen Holt, Harold Mayer and Richard Wade have produced a sumptuous volume with over a thousand pictures and fifty maps, depicting the history of Chicago from 1823 to the present, *Chicago: Growth of a Metropolis* (University of Chicago Press, $32). . . . Harper will publish an American edition of Lord Kenneth Clark's highly acclaimed BBC pop course in *kulcher*, *Civilization.*

■ Those silly Smothers Brothers are venturing into the political arena again with Tom's *The Smothers Brothers: A Cautionary Chronical*, due in May. Promises to get lots of publicity on the Left. . . . Goo-goo: Daniel Berrigan S. J., everybody's favorite crackpot priest, will have *No Bars to Manhood* (Doubleday, $5.95) out in March. . . . Muhammad Ali has been advanced $200,000 by Random House for an autobiography. . . . And speaking of Moslems, John Bagot (Glubb Pasha) Glubb's *The Life of Mohammad* (*not* the Chicago version) will be published by Stein and Day later this month.

■ HAGIOGRAPHY: George Reedy, former press secretary to LBJ, has *The Twilight of the Presidency* (World, $6.59) coming out in March. . . . My Country, Right or Left: *Saigon, U.S.A.* (Richard W. Baron, $6.95) by Alfred Hassler with a preface by Sen. George S. McGovern. Should be one of the big liberal books of the year. . . . Also on the Left: Irving Howe's *Decline of the New* (Harcourt, $7.50), due in March; and Hector Bejar's *Peru 1965: Notes on a Guerrilla Experience* (Monthly Review Press, $6). . . . On a more serious front, Carlo Falcone's intensely moving account of the late Pius XXII's internal struggle against Nazism, *The Silence of Pius XII* (Little Brown, $10) will also be out in March. . . . In April Oxford will bring out Immanuel C. Y. Hsu's massive *The Rise of Modern China* ($13.50). . . . Frank Kermode is editing a series of left-leaning biographies about "the men who have changed or are changing our age." They turn out to be Marcuse, Fanon, Guevara, Levi-Strauss—and (through no fault of his own) Albert Camus. The books are presently available in Fontana paperbacks in England, and will be published in this country next fall.

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sible for the printing of a few brief extracts.

The law of literary property, like many another inherited from English common law, defies common sense. A sheet of paper on which a letter is written belongs to the recipient and can be saved, sold or destroyed. But the contents belong to the writer and to his heirs in perpetuity—on the premise that writing a letter is a creative act and that the contents are property of the creator. There is no time limit to such uncopyrighted material. Although the Hardings had bought up the Phillips letters, microfilm copies had been made in anticipation of the originals' destruction and some of these copies were deposited in libraries outside the United States. The defendants in the law suit claim that the letters are in the public domain according to the terms of Mrs. Harding's will. However, the Hardings succeeded in 1964 in obtaining a "temporary" restraining order from an Ohio court that has been in effect ever since. Having asserted their control over the Phillips letters, the Hardings by a logical extension of what they consider their property rights have subsequently claimed control over all Harding's private correspondence, including all his letters in the Harding Papers of the Ohio Historical Society, and they now hold this claim like a whip over the heads of historians and biographers.

The historian who has suffered most from their obduracy is Ohio's most dedicated Harding scholar, Professor Randolph Downes of the University of Toledo. For the past two decades he has been working on a two-volume Harding biography which he finally completed early last year. The first volume—on the years up to the Presidency—was to have been published last autumn by the Ohio State University Press. Although Downes was denied access to the Phillips letters, like any other scholar he was able to make use of the private correspondence in the Ohio Historical Society's Harding Papers. Dr. George Harding, one of the nephews, on learning of the proposed publication of Downes' book, demanded of the Ohio State Press that the manuscript first be submitted to him for censorship. Things being what they are in Ohio, the editor agreed. The result is not only an expurgated text but a delay in publication. How much the Hardings were able to alter Downes' text I do not know, but I do know that any alteration would be an outrage. Downes is a fair and painstaking historian, and though his book may not provide lively reading for the general public, it will prove the definitive work on Harding, an indispensable reference volume for students of the period.

As early as 1965 there had appeared a hurry-up job by the young English historian Andrew Sinclair, a former student of D. W. Brogan's, who had written an entertaining volume on Prohibition. Sinclair managed to dash off his book between the opening of the Harding Papers and the Centenary celebration. A political rather than a personal biography, his *The Available Man* does make a telling re-evaluation of Harding by showing him to be not the straw man of deprecatory legend but an astute if low-level politician in his own right. Although generally reviewed, Sinclair's book aroused little reader interest. Two years after its acquisition by the Widener Library I found that no one had yet taken it out.

My own biography, *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*, which was not published until 1968, was an attempt to present Harding within his times to the general reader as a flesh-and-blood man, with his decencies as well as his weaknesses. The author of the latest Harding biography, Professor Robert K. Murray of the University of Pennsylvania, observes, in what seems—at least to me—a grape-soured tone, that I had aimed "at the prurient interests of the general public and reaped the desired reward—much publicity and a Book-of-the-Month selection."

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S own book is a solid, well-documented effort to give the Harding Administration full, and more than full, credit for leading the country out of the anarchic Wilson interregnum and through the post-war readjustments to the burgeoning prosperity of 1923. Whether Harding was the key figure in the return to "normalcy" that Murray makes out is another matter. Recovery was itself inevitable, and was aided specifically by such able men as Hughes, Hoover, Wallace, Dawes and Lasker. To Harding all credit for appointing them, but little more. *The Harding Era*, chastely bound in Harding blue, has been given the *nihil obstat* of the Harding family, and the author has even been granted the privilege of reading the sequestered Phillips letters. Yet for all Professor Murray's efforts at rehabilitation, as an honest man he is forced to conclude that "Harding probably never should have been President."

The Murray style is unfortunately that of the "trained historian," a style that bears an unhappy resemblance to an old Boston & Maine timetable—it gets you there, but that's about all.

Another family-approved Harding biography did appear in 1969, *The Conciliator*, by Dr. Dale E. Cottrill, Chairman of the Department of Rhetoric, Fine Arts and Humanities, of *Macomb County College*, Michigan. Dr. Cottrill has based his biography on Harding's unpublished speeches, some two thousand of which he has been able to track down over the last half-dozen years. It is a formidable accomplishment, a task that the Mikado himself might have set as one of his objects all sublime.

THERE MAY BE other Harding biographies in the wings, but the only one that I am aware of is that by Professor Dean Albertson of Massachusetts State University, written with the cooperation of the Harding family though without as yet any date set for publication. I understand that Albertson has also been allowed to read the Phillips letters. What he, as house-historian, can add to the mounting Harding literature will be interesting to see, whether or not it proves interesting reading. At least by that time the gap in the Widener shelf will have been pretty well filled. □

Nihilism: A Philosophical Essay
By Stanley Rosen *Yale, $8.50*

PHILOSOPHY AND THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT

HIRAM CATON

"The civilization and refinement of a nation," a philosopher once said, "is proportionate to the merit of its philosophy." If he was right, be it hoped that our professors of philosophy are not its sole repository. The barrenness of the majority is so plain that *Time*, a while ago, clucked officiously and even presumed to suggest remedies, which

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is some measure of the contempt it provokes.

It would not be far off the mark to characterize the malaise of the profession by what its thinking has in common with *Time*. Both think it naïve to have principles and bad taste to discuss them. Both feed in the waters of the transient and are adept at spotting trends and swimming with the tide; a visitor to a philosophy convention is apt to feast on the very latest wisdom of Noam Chomsky or Staughton Lynd. Both resemble nothing so much as herd animals; sheep, perhaps. If *Time* prostrates itself weekly before the winds of change, so academic philosophy pledges fealty to the opinions and fashions of the university. It would never enter its compliant head to test, much less contest, the claims of other disciples. On the contrary, it is full of self-congratulation for having overcome the philosophy of the past, which believed that its task was to investigate reality. It is now universally proclaimed that the queen of the sciences was an impostor, and that philosophy rightly understood confines itself to the menial chores of meditating on what "ordinary language" says about reality, or on how the "authentic individual" feels about it.

THE CRITICAL PORTION of Professor Rosen's *Nihilism* is directed against the two great masters, Wittgenstein and Heidegger, who largely fathered contemporary academic philosophy. They are extraordinarily intense men, so dominated by a single idea that they philosophize in isolation from their contemporaries, including their disciples. The range of their thought is restricted to what they can encompass under the *idée fixe*, but they are profound, subtle and sober to the point of melancholy. Neither presents a positive teaching nor believes such a thing possible; they are occupied with freeing themselves from a special kind of error, metaphysics or philosophy as known hitherto. And the thought of both men, Rosen seeks to establish, amounts to nihilism.

Nietzsche and the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century, who first made nihilism a theme, understood it as the condition in which all things are permitted—by which they meant the principled impossibility of a rational adjudication of conflicting claims about what is noble, desirable or good. This is so because there are allegedly no objective standards by which the rightness of choice can be appraised, choice being exclusively a matter of subjective valuation, regardless of whether the value judgments are made by individuals or societies. Moral nihilism is thus identical with the "absolute freedom" celebrated by shallow authors, and contemplated with awe by the deeper ones, as in the tale of "The Grand Inquisitor."

Rosen, who takes his bearings from Plato and therefore rejects the terminology of modern philosophy, formulates the problem as the divorce of reason from the good. Although better than half the book is given to interpretation and critique of Wittgenstein and Heidegger, principally the latter, Rosen addresses nihilism as a permanent human possibility rather than, as is usual, a condition that arises only under special historical circumstances.

Rosen asserts—and here he has Nietzsche's agreement—that one cannot leave it at the relativity of morals; one must also embrace the consequence that truth is relative, and this is theoretical nihilism. Or rather, the divorce of reason from the good is itself a theoretical position which has moral relativism as *its* consequence. Rosen begins his book with an argument which explains the acknowledged incapacity of Wittgenstein and Heidegger to state a teaching as a consequence of their theoretical nihilism. Wittgenstein's nihilism is the rejection of philosophy for the "truth" of ordinary language, whereas Heidegger rejects philosophy for the "truth" of history. Both subordinate reason to convention differently understood, the position which in the Platonic dialogues is known as sophistry.

The divorce of reason from the good occurred when, in the interest of a mathematical physics, Descartes conceived reason and the world exclusively in terms of mathematics. This conception renders problematic the cognitive status of purposiveness, which Descartes was forced to understand as arising exclusively from passion. The Cartesian conception has endured despite its transparent incongruities because it seems to be required if modern science is accepted. Today it celebrates complete triumph, also among those who believe Descartes "refuted," as can be seen in the currency and self-evidence of the fundamental philosophical concepts, "objective" and "subjective." One suspects that readers with large appetites for philosophy will regret the brevity of this treatment of Descartes.

THE HEIDEGGER ANALYSIS, on the other hand, is not likely to provoke any such complaint. Heidegger is a notoriously difficult and demanding author. Rosen has performed the astonishing feat of lucidly expounding Heidegger's effort to think Being as Time, which is roughly analogous to the difficulty of thinking the substance of a doughnut as its hole. There seems to be an unwritten law, strangely observed even by Heidegger's critics, that his brief but energetic support of Hitler is not to be mentioned in print. Privately his apologists discount it as an aberration which has nothing to do with his philosophy. By combining unimpeachable scholarship with thorough command of the texts, Rosen convincingly argues to the contrary that the proper understanding of this deed is the *nervus probandi* for the interpretation of Being as Time. Time for Heidegger is history, or what other thinkers would call politics; therefore, profound historical changes are new manifestations of Being, or what other thinkers would call Reality.

Heidegger's assertions that the National Socialist state is "the new German reality" and that truth is the "perspicuity of what makes a people certain, radiant and strong in its deeds and knowledge"—these assertions were for him literally true because truth and reality *are* history. From the perspective of theology it would be said that Heidegger's philosophy denies the transcendence of God. Rosen's interpretation will doubtless grieve the existentialism aficionados, who tend to list to port. "How can anyone be so stupid," I already hear them cry, "as to claim that Heidegger's is a Nazi philosophy?" Rosen claims no such thing. Because his philosophy denies any permanent principles transcending the flux of history, it is an apology for "authentic commitment" to *any* radical political movement, just as for Heidegger presently it is the reason why he embraces what he himself calls the nihilism of planetary technology.

ROSEN'S vivid portrayal in this context of the conscious nihilism of Ernst Junger's *Der Arbeiter*, composed during the Twenties, reveals the appalling similarity between the radical students of today and the thought and attitudes

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which led German youths to Hitler. And in general his exposition goes a long way toward explaining why a generation nourished on existentialism is so utterly rootless in thought and therefore enslaved to fashion and even to mere suggestion.

Rosen leads his reader out of this wilderness into the sunlight of the Platonic Ideas, where the union of reason and goodness is once more visible. To one's complete surprise, the author discovers this union already present in our elementary cognitions of utility, and he shows how we may ascend from this base to non-utilitarian goodness. This is followed by an exposition and defense of philosophy as intermediate between dogmatism and skepticism, a position which today is unknown. Rosen has succeeded in showing, contrary to almost universal belief, that *philosophia perennis* rightly bears her name, that it is alive and well in at least one mind, and that it is "relevant" today because it is relevant every day. □

RECORDS

Ballad of Easy Rider
The Byrds *Columbia CS9942*

Sweetheart of the Rodeo
The Byrds *Columbia CS9670*

Through the Morning, Through the Night
Dillard & Clark *A&M SP4203*

Mother Earth Presents Tracy Nelson Country
Tracy Nelson *Mercury SR61230*

Nashville Skyline
Bob Dylan *Columbia KCS9825*

BACK TO THE COUNTRY (AGAIN)

C. H. SIMONDS

A decade before the Age of Camp, I had a 1930-ish Zenith console radio. It never pulled in Zurich or Tokyo or Moscow or any of the other foreign cities listed on the dial, but late at night I could receive anything east of the Rockies—winter wheat futures from the Dakotas; WLW from Cincinnati with "Moon River," among the last of the poetry-reading-*cum*-organ-background programs; best of all, WWVA from Wheeling, West Virginia, which played country music 24 hours a day. The music was insufferable to an adolescent of the cool generation: corny, nasal and shrill. But those commercials—many more of them than records—for guitar lessons; The Amazing Ever-Living Wall of Roses; a beautiful plastic tablecloth with Our Lord's Last Supper in beautiful full color and if you act *right now* we'll send *absolutely free* a copy of the world's tiniest Bible, send just $2.98 plus 75 cents postage and handling (friends in Canada, no CODs please). I listened in fascinated horror as a whole other world unfolded, whose inhabitants actually bought these things and listened to those records ("Wreck on the Highway," "Mother Prays So Loud in Her Sleep," "Happy Birthday Jesus" sung by Little Cindy).

Then off to college, and folk music —The Weavers, Pete Seeger, Joan Baez and more Mississippi convicts and cotton-choppers than you could shake a microphone at. This was the Music of Our Soil, all about real people like starving farmers, exploited coal miners and seduced Elizabethan ladies' maids —not to mention children poisoned by Strontium 90 (Seeger's "If folks sing 'em, they're folk songs" was the dictum of the day).

Then one night I attended a concert by a group called I forget what. It was the usual folkum, up to a number called "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight" ("Happy landings to yo-o-o-u, Amelia Earhart/Farewell, first lady of the air"). Before I knew what was happening, I was listening to Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, Bill Monroe, The Country Gentlemen, old 78s of the Carter Family—and liking "Wreck on the Highway" ("I heard the screams of the dyin'/But I didn't hear nobody pray"), "Mother Prays So Loud in Her Sleep" and all the rest (except for "Happy Birthday Jesus"). I had forgotten all about folk music, and before long everybody else had too. With The Beatles, rock and roll grew up; I listened to it and liked much of it (still do), but every so often, in vacant or in pensive mood and wanting some unabashed corn, I would drag out my country records.

So it is that today I feel a twinge of *déjà vu*. It's happening all over again—probably in reaction against rock's escalating musical eccentricity and nastier and nastier revolutionary rhetoric, country music is busting out all over. For years, Johnny Cash and a few others snuck in and out of the Top Forty charts; the big break came about a year ago with Glenn Campbell, the Pat Boone of country music, whose songs were thin but definitely country and definitely something new. Now even the Rolling Stones, those leading exponents of screaming, electrified rock, are starting to sound countrified.

THE BYRDS used to be folk-rock types, rockier and rockier as folk music declined in popularity. Then last year they came out with the album *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, solid country with such songs as "I like the Christian Life," originally by the Louvin Brothers; "Life in Prison," a standard I-killed-her-and-now-I-gotta-pay song; and even "Blue Canadian Rockies," last recorded by that singing cowboy, Gene Autry. There are also two Bob Dylan

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songs done country style, "Nothing Was Delivered" and "You Ain't Going Nowhere." The group's latest album, *Ballad of Easy Rider*, represents a partial retreat from straight country music, reflecting an almost complete change in personnel. But "Oil in My Lamp," "Deportee" (even if it is about wetbacks being sent back to Mexico) and Dylan's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" play it straight.

Another indicator of how things are changing is Tracy Nelson, a Madison, Wisconsin girl around whom coalesced a rock group and extended family called Mother Earth. Mother Earth went to California and put out a bluesy album, *Living with the Animals*. Now they've packed up and moved to a farm near Nashville, the country music capital of America. The group is absent from the new album, which is just Tracy with a crew of Nashville sidemen, doing nothing but country songs: Buck Owens' "Why, Why, Why," "Sad Situation" and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," perhaps Hank Williams' finest song. Tracy shows up best in "Stand by Your Man," the inclusion of which borders on *lèse-majesté* forasmuch as it's a staple in the repertoire of Tammy Wynette, and if Johnny Cash is the king of country music, Tammy Wynette is the queen. Tracy Nelson can stand on her own. She takes the song slower, and her voice is a mellow contralto instead of the brilliant soprano of Tammy Wynette and most other country ladies. The Queen's voice is unusual for its power (most country singers grow thin in the upper registers); so, in its own way, is Tracy Nelson's.

Through the Morning, Through the Night is, so far as I know, Doug Dillard's and Gene Clark's first album; they aren't part of the country establishment. They do some standards—"Four Walls," a classic of paranoia in three-quarter time; the Everly Brothers' "So Sad," "No Longer a Sweetheart of Mine"—in which they establish their credentials as a polished band in the bluegrass tradition, and one with that rarity, a good female vocalist (Donna Washburn, especially in "Rocky Top"). They add to the tradition with Gene Clark's new songs, especially the title song and "Kansas City Southern"—and with "Don't Let Me Down," so far as I know the first purely country rendition of a Beatles song.

Then we have Bob Dylan. The name of his new album is supposed to be freighted with significance, as is the fact that Johnny Cash joins Dylan in a re-do of "Girl from the North Country," one of the less mawkish of Dylan's early ballads. Certainly, Dylan has come all the way—he started with phony ballads, elided into ideologized folkum, shocked the purists by going electric—and now he's come to Nashville. As always, though, his songs are more satisfying than his singing. His voice has improved, it's mellower and, well, a little Johnny Cash-ish. Most happily, his lyrics (over which even those who cannot stand his singing always obediently enthuse) have grown maturer and less pretentious. They aren't straight country, they're still Dylan—poetic or merry when good, arch or merely foolish when not so good. As the two Byrds albums suggest, Dylan has a lot to add to the country tradition.

Because it's that—a tradition, glacially slow to change in comparison with rock. Rock exploded all over the place between, say, 1964 and 1970; now it appears to be settling down, with country and blues the two principal traditions informing it. Hard rock isn't about to disappear—there's a momentum factor. Grace Slick and her Jefferson Airplane, e.g., are still belting away (though they've shifted from hallucination to revolution; I gather from their new album, *Volunteers*, that they wish to shoot you and me and the sooner the better).

Anywhere else or any other time, it would seem almost bizarre to see the scruffy Byrds singing songs beloved of Southern sheriffs, or to hear the same song done by Tracy Nelson, long-haired child of the rock generation, and Tammy Wynette, who started out giving permanents in an Alabama beauty salon. I suppose it's the tradition that wins in the end, and anyway there's room for all. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HIGH HEROIC: *A Novel about Michael Collins, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton, $4.95).* This novel is concerned, as Mr. FitzGibbon explains in the Foreword, with "how a man such as Collins would feel, and act, and react in the circumstances that surrounded him throughout his short life." It is basically a psychological novel which just touches lightly on the incidents that Collins' biographers (such as Piaras Beaslai) have already covered in detail: there are no escapes into rooftops seconds before police raids; the Easter Rising and the treaty conference are barely mentioned. But the novel, in being less exciting than it might have been, is no less interesting. Using dialogue and interior monologue more than straight narration, Mr. FitzGibbon does show plausibly how a sensitive man who finds himself in charge of the finances, intelligence operations and army of a country engaged in a revolution might "feel, and act, and react." It is, in fact, the very skill with which he portrays this character that calls into question the value of this genre: when an historical novel uses the name and many of the recorded actions of a real person, how much does the author have the right to invent? Even though "the central character is . . . not an historian's attempt to appraise that most remarkable man," it seems wrong, for example, to make him despair completely of Ireland's and his own future ("It was then that the colors of his world began to fade. . . . It was as if he had become one of history's widowers"), when the real-life facts (e.g., that Collins was engaged to be married) suggest that he did not spend the last year of his life waiting to die. All of which does not detract from the novel *qua* novel, but makes it important that anyone reading it for background on Irish history take the Foreword very seriously.

L. BRIDGES

RICHTOFEN: A TRUE HISTORY OF THE RED BARON, *by William E. Burrows (Harcourt, $6.50).* A biography of Rittmeister Manfred Freiherr von Richtofen, written by a man who is both ignorant in aviation and innocent of German, is bound to have its limitations. Come to the front of the class, Mr. Burrows, and receive instruction: 1) the wind has nothing at all to do with the rate of closure between two aircraft operating in it (p. 9); ailerons do not go up and down together (p. 182)—one goes up while t'other goes down; the great British aviator, to whom Burrows devotes a chapter and a further dozen references, was not named Hawker—he was named Hawkes; the title of Richtofen's autobiography is *Der Rote Kampfflieger*, not "Röte"; it is mere know-nothingism to sneer at Floyd Gibbons for calling WWI aviators "war birds"—that was the title of Elliot White Springs' best-selling account of the aerial war, and the phrase was popular for decades: just as Burrows wouldn't have entitled one of his own chapters "The Blue Max" if there hadn't been a popular movie by that name for him to ride on. Burrows dislikes the WWI "profiteers." Has it occurred to him that he's one of 'em?

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EMERSON [P.] SCHMIDT:
["NOW—] WHAT CAN WE DO?"

Even if the free market does not work perfectly, this is no more reason to abolish it, than to abolish freedom of speech or the press because a few people lie or use filthy speech, or draw dirty pictures and write trashy novels and plays.*

*from "Government Spending and Your Mounting Taxes," article in *Political Success*, issue of Nov. 22, 1968

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DELECTATIONS

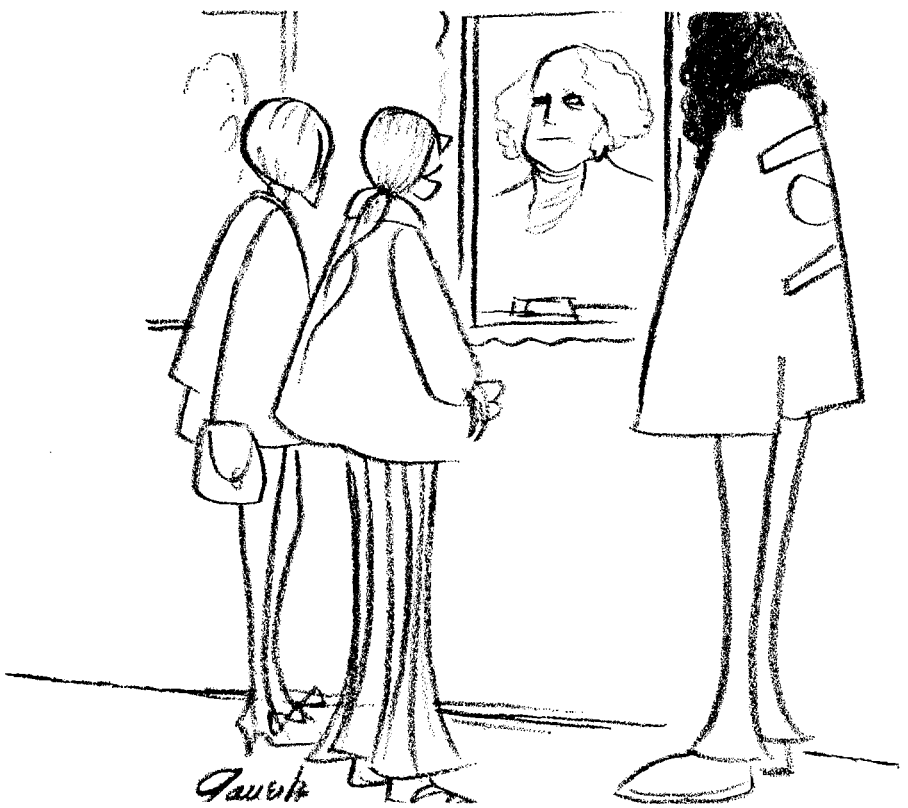
(Continued from page 209)

would climb up, tie a white napkin around King Gradlon's neck, give him a glass of good Muscadet, and wipe his lips with the towel. When the King —or possibly his servitor—had finished, the wine glass was thrown down to the people, one hundred feet below, and anyone who caught it intact would receive a hundred *écus d'or.*

There are many things about Brittany one should understand, and Quimper rather nicely illustrates them. Brittany remains a land bewitched: a land not where unexplained things happen, but where what happens is often unexplained. For instance—Brittany, you are told, is one of the great horse (chevaux)-raising areas of France with stud farms abounding, but in eight days of driving up and down what did we see? one plow horse. In autumn, the small sturdy trees that line many Breton fields are heavy with apples, tiny, round, crabapple-like dots of color—bright red, bright yellow, bright green—looking for all the world like a child's drawing of an apple orchard. Beneath the trees on huge tarpaulins are piles of apples ready to be made into cider and calvados, the strong flavorsome applejack of Brittany and Normandy, but nobody is ever, ever to be seen harvesting them. I mean it's mysterious. It's mysterious, when you follow the road to beautiful Lac de Guerledan and manage to get to the town on the opposite shore without ever seeing a drop of water. It's mysterious when you go out of your way to visit the "Great Menhir"—a menhir is a Stonehenge-like column of granite—at Locmariaquer, the greatest in all of France. Once it soared over seventy feet into the air, but now it lies broken. And each of the five pieces weighs over 350 tons, according to the guidebooks. But when you look there are only four pieces. Who or what removed that remaining delicate 350-ton chunk you are probably never going to find out.

But the greatest of the unexplaineds is the cathedral at Quimper, probably the most beautiful in Brittany (certainly the most beautiful in the parts of Brittany we were able to cover), a thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral looking on the outside like all proper Gothic cathedrals should look. Walk inside, rub your eyes, ask your friends. Can it be so? Do you see what I see? Is it in fact true that the nave stretches straight down as naves should stretch in their high-arched beauty to the transept and then suddenly, oop-la, off goes the choir to the left at what must be a 30° angle. Our primary guidebook mentions this extraordinary phenomenon not at all: "The interior with its many tombs, chapels and works of art, is a living history of the community." *Mas nada!* Hurry. Who's got the *Michelin*? The *Michelin* admits something is out of order here. But its explanation, such as it is, can best be described as breezy. "It is believed that this results from unexpected difficulty encountered during the building [poor sense of direction? faulty T-square? myopia? calvados?]—*subsidence or something of the sort.*" (Italics all mine). Subsidence, from the v. to subside, to sink. But does one sink sideways as well as down? Extraordinary. And if the real explanation lies in the "something of a sort," what kind of a something and what sort?

It's the kind of thing that makes you want to go back, better armed with books this time, and with much more time to explore those areas of Brittany you can't see in just eight days. As Jane now exclaims, "la Bretagne c'est marrant" and so racy has her French become that even the hairdresser knows she has grasped the difference between *marrant* (the greatest) and *marron* (chestnut). Brittany is all sorts of things, but a chestnut? Never. □



"I say Van Buren is the grooviest-looking of all the Presidents."

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

No Knock?

New York, Feb. 7—The Senate has passed, at the urging of Mr. Nixon, a complicated anti-crime bill which is left now for the House of Representatives to pass or to reject. The pressures are considerable on the House to refuse to go along, and these pressures come in not only from liberal gentlemen, but also—in some cases—from conservatives. The omnibus bill requires a great deal of analysis but one feature of it emerges as the gravamen of the opposition. It is the clause that specifies that under certain circumstances policemen bent on catching narcotics wholesalers with the goods may open the door without knocking.

The argument of the opposition is as follows. If you permit policemen to enter a house or an apartment without knocking, you have gravely diminished the right of privacy which, whatever is still left of it, derives from the ancient axiom that one's home is one's castle. Permit the police to break down your door and flood into your livingroom, and you permit police to intrude on—conceivably the most intimate moments of one's life. Moreover, if you will permit the police to do what the proposed law would permit them to do in search of heroin, what will the government, in the days ahead, invoke so dangerous a precedent in behalf of? The search of husbands who have deserted their wives? Of wives who have failed to pay their traffic summons for double parking?

THE SUPPORTERS of the bill reason that the laws are so organized as to require prosecutors to have tangible proof of the felony they are pursuing. The equivalent, where dope is concerned, of the body-in-the-trunk in this type situation is the actual stash of heroin. Now inasmuch as the value of heroin is such that a pound of it can be worth several hundred thousand dollars, you have a situation in which the peddler can, with a single flush of the toilet, eliminate forever the evidence necessary for the district attorney to convict him. Granted it becomes a most expensive flush. Still, the experience of the professional narcotics squads indicates that—quite understandably—the junkies do not hesitate to pour several hundred thousand dollars down the john when the result is to stay out of jail.

The philosophical argument of the critics comes down to the proposition that if you give the government an inch, it will take a mile. That is an argument to which conservatives are greatly attracted—for the simple historical reason that that is the way governments tend to behave.

Tempting though it is, on a categorical level, to deny the government, as a matter of principle, any aggrandizement whatever of its power, the question remains: What are we to do about a situation which all parties deplore? Namely, the failure of the government to stop the spread of addiction, which is responsible for the acutest human suffering in the free world, the highest incentive to crime (in New York City alone it is estimated that one-half the crime is caused by addicts desperately in search of the means of nourishing their habit), and the greatest source of the spiritual despair of decent people (devoted parents who send their fourteen-year- and fifteen-year-old children to schools which are havens for hustlers of this poison).

The liberals are caught in the interesting inconsistency of admiring a Constitution which is infinitely resilient when it is used to promote whatever social goals they were after at a particular moment, but denying the Constitution's resilience when the objective is—the enforcement of the law. Conservatives, who sometimes suffer from an incapacity to escape from ideology, need to consider the problem in terms of the maximization of human freedom. Are we really less free knowing that a policeman—mind you, only after having satisfied a judge that there is probable reason to find that you are husbanding heroin in your closet—might accost someone in the act of loving his wife, than we would be in the knowledge that known heroin merchandisers can now more easily be caught and sent away to prison where they deserve to be, leaving one or one hundred or one thousand people spared the curse of their greed? A conservatism, as Whittaker Chambers reminded us, which does not take reality into account is not even a philosophy. It is reduced to a literary whimsy. □

NICHOLAS THE TERRIBLE

New York, Feb. 4—Mr. Nicholas Johnson is young, bright and charming. But wait, you have not heard the worst. He is a one-man reformer who is situated in the Federal Communications Commission, and will be there until 1973. He has single-handedly undertaken to reform U.S. television, which is a praiseworthy ambition, but he has elected to use most unusual means of going about it.

Mr. Johnson has written a most engaging polemic called *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set*. In that book he arrives at conclusions which are almost indistinguishable from Mr. Agnew's, namely that a very small lot of people exercise altogether too much power in America, to wit those who control television. It is strange that the two gentlemen should have arrived at the same conclusion because Mr. Agnew can be described, roughly, as a Nixon Republican, whereas Mr. Johnson is—I should suppose—a Gene McCarthy Democrat. Mr. Agnew wants to reform television by the force of public opinion. Mr. Johnson wants to use legislative and administrative weapons to change TV.

NOW HERE is his principal weapon. The original law setting up the FCC stipulated that a licensee, i.e., the individual or the corporation that is granted a license, must petition at the end of every three-year period for a renewal of that license. What criteria were to be considered by the FCC at such times as they reviewed a licensee's application for renewal? The law talks rather vaguely in terms of serving the public interest. Over the years, the FCC renewed and renewed and renewed,

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tens of thousands of times. Stations that were making money were able, tacitly, to point to the high ratings that made their stations profitable and invite the inference that they were clearly serving the public interest, as witness how much of the public was listening in. Stations that lost money were able to use the argument that such was their concern for the public interest that they even lost money in trying to please people.

Slowly, the FCC evolved a series of standards, defining for instance the so-called Fairness Doctrine, which requires television and radio to grant time under certain circumstances to people who are attacked. Additionally, the FCC has insisted that a certain amount of public service programming be done—that kind of thing. In return, station owners have assumed that unless they were caught in very grave dereliction of FCC regulations, the renewal was—essentially—a formality.

Along came Mr. Johnson. He read the law and said flatly that the law does not confer a property right on the licensee, and that that being the case, really, why should Jones, who has had a station for three years, be preferred over Robinson, who hasn't? Now the result was potentially explosive. Because it costs only about $100,000 to file an application for a station that may be worth $25 million. Pretty good odds, if you win.

SENATOR PASTORE of Rhode Island introduced a bill which said simply that no one could apply for a station unless the FCC had already disqualified the current licensee. Pressure mounted against Senator Pastore. The FCC then voted, over Mr. Johnson's protests, on a new formula. Licensees would not be bumped if the FCC ruled that they had run their stations substantially in the public interest. That left both sides unhappy. Mr. Johnson, because there is something of a presumption still in favor of the licensee. The owners, because there is a vagueness there which commits them to a life of perpetual insecurity.

Although Mr. Johnson wants to take advantage of the language of a very old law in order to work changes which he knows the Congress would not authorize in a special bill, he does come out strong in favor of pay-TV. That, of course, is the answer. Everybody pays for teevee anyway—by paying more for the consumer product that sponsors your favorite program. The solution is clear: to let the minorities have their own radio and television by paying a small charge to see their favorite programs. So arrange it, and there would be no need for the FCC to handle such unanswerable questions as what exactly is it which is in the public interest. One wishes Mr. Johnson had stressed that point more ardently in his book. But forgive him that one transgression and have a look at a sprightly diatribe against contemporary TV. □

POT IN PRISON

New York, Feb. 14—Now the son of the Governor of New Jersey has been arrested for smoking pot, and the son of the man who aspires to be Governor of New York. In the latter case, it transpires that five of the eight children have "experimented" with marijuana. A congressman informs me that there is sudden interest by the legislature in the Koch bill (which would set up a Presidential commission to inquire scientifically into the effects of the use of pot), resulting from many congressmen's having come to know that their sons and daughters are taking pot. And, of course, the new crime bill, which awaits action by the House of Representatives, calls for reducing the penalty for smoking pot—though by no means eliminating it.

How tempting it is to say merely that pot should be legalized. That, for instance, is the recommendation of Mr. Joseph Alsop, who comes back from a visit to Cambridge, Massachusetts and reports that it is easier for a minor to obtain marijuana than to obtain a bottle of beer. One has merely to say a) that the problem of enforcement is insuperable, and b) that anyway, the doctors haven't come up with any truly convincing arguments that have to do with the physical harm done by the smoking of marijuana—therefore why not yield to *force majeure*, and maybe even enjoy it?

Those arguments are cogent, but they pay insufficient attention to the psychic dimension of the problem. Here are three examples.

A senior in college advises me that a classmate in an adjacent room, who in the first two years of college life participated actively in sports and journalism, now smokes four or five times a week, beginning shortly after dinner. The pot-smoker (or certainly this particular one) becomes absorbed in his euphoria. After a while, he does not readily comprehend the book he is reading, which is in any case a distraction: better just the pot, and the music. Now, four or five days in which you give over to pot four or five hours per day of your time, means about twenty hours per week in which you are withdrawn from active intellectual, social, athletic or extracurricular activity. It is the opinion of my friend that his friend has, in fact, changed.

CASE NUMBER TWO is another student who began his career as a well-integrated freshman, with orderly and rewarding ties to the principal institutions of the West—his family, his friends, his country, his church. These are now in shambles. He smokes pot regularly. Post pot propter pot?

Case number three is two young Californians who were active over several years in political activity. After a while they began acting rather strangely—the compulsive obscenities, the weirdoing of their politics, a sort of hippyization of life in general. Their friends and their political followers began quietly to express their concern over the lack-adaisical and occasionally fanatical nature of their disposition. Yes, you guessed it, they both smoke pot.

Now these could be coincidental, let us hastily agree. But our experience with pot isn't sufficient to permit us to know whether it is or isn't. We are living in an age when the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare decrees that it is dangerous to drink Tab. Surely in such an age that Secretary owes us more than we are getting about the psychic consequences of smoking marijuana?

There are a lot of people in jail these days sentenced there for life, or for ten or twenty years. Prisoners have cooperated before in medical experiments. Why not get them to cooperate in pot-smoking under observation? That would be a standing-room-only volunteer project, needless to say. But surely trained psychiatrists and clinicians, as also trained observers of the prisoners on whom the experiments were conducted, would give us a great deal of information without which we cannot speak intelligently? The consumption of LSD, one hears, is down: because the kids, themselves, came to know something about the danger of using LSD. But they simply do not know the danger of the other, if there is a danger: which danger, it appears, is psychic rather than biological. Couldn't the Koch bill go further to urge the use of prisoners for such experiments? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Benjamin Franklin became — 75 8 37 61 71 165 22 115 120 138

B. Something that causes astonishment or excitement — 205 15 80 / 131 182 100 87 41 105 150 143 195

C. This is used for reversing locomotives — 85 167 101 42 122 196 178 54 154

D. Toward a certain point of the compass — 103 137 89 1 157 147 173 16

E. A U. S. railroad — 113 158 180 3 66 197 48

F. People who try to influence legislation — 128 82 145 166 5 47 90 58 198

G. An island in San Francisco Bay — 146 46 77 164 88 118 121 133 153 162

H. A potamogale — 183 34 6 76 9 24 27 95 98 132

I. Affording little room — 29 31 45 68 74 99

J. An opera by Offenbach (after *The*) — 194 4 21 36 43 69 83 109 123 130 / 155 188 10 52

K. A gray or black member of the chlorite group containing manganese — 2 112 139 149 91 106 11 160 170

L. Go ahead! — 18 104 199 174 189 84 184

M. One of the planets — 55 60 13 135 49

N. A U. S. violinist and composer (1861-1935), born in France — 144 200 107 33 44 117 172 187

O. A river in Pennsylvania — 12 191 35 40 93 7

P. Clothed, attired, dressed — 148 92 142 186 17 39 23 65

Q. The meat in a nut (think hard!) — 163 70 50 124 94 19 108

R. Cleopatra said he was an easy mark — 176 207 72 136 125 111 179

S. One of our states was named for him — 190 156 151 62 73 114 201 140

T. Helps — 51 126 79 202 96

U. Place visited by Mark Twain and fellow-Innocents; later visited by F.D.R. (not an innocent) — 119 203 63 81 110

V. A canine that sometimes eats for two — 67 175 206 171 185 14 20 181 53

W. A ballet by Stravinsky — 192 159 102 161 116 64 25

X. Helpful — 38 56 86 127 168 204 141 177 26

Y. Banterers — 78 30 28 193 97 129 134 57

Z. Part of a football game — 59 152 32 169

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 218 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 D	2 K	3 E	4 J	5 F	■	6 H	7 O	8 A	■	9 H	10 J	11 K	12 O	13 M	14 V	15 A
16 D	17 P	■	18 L	19 Q	20 V	21 J	■	22 A	23 P	24 H	25 W	■	26 X	27 H	28 Y	29 I	■
30 Y	31 I	32 Z	33 N	■	34 H	35 O	36 J	■	37 A	38 X	39 P	40 O	41 B	42 C	43 J	■	44 N
45 I	46 G	47 F	48 E	49 M	50 Q	■	51 T	52 J	53 V	■	54 C	55 M	56 X	57 Y	■	58 F	59 Z
60 M	61 A	■	62 S	■	63 U	64 W	65 P	66 E	67 V	68 I	69 J	70 Q	71 A	■	72 R	73 S	74 I
■	75 A	76 H	77 G	■	78 Y	79 T	80 A	81 U	■	82 F	83 J	■	84 L	85 C	86 X	■	87 B
88 G	89 D	90 F	91 K	92 P	93 O	94 Q	95 H	96 H	■	97 Y	98 H	99 I	100B	101C	■	102W	103D
104L	105B	106K	107N	■	108Q	109J	110U	111R	■	112K	113E	114S	115A	116W	117N	■	118G
119U	■	120A	121G	122C	123J	124Q	125R	126T	127X	128F	129Y	■	130J	131B	132H	133G	134Y
■	135M	136R	137D	138A	■	139K	140S	141X	142P	143B	144N	■	145F	146G	■	147D	148P
149K	150B	151S	152Z	153G	154C	■	155J	156S	157D	158E	159W	■	160K	161W	162G	163Q	■
164G	165 A	■	166F	167C	168X	■	169Z	170K	171V	172N	173D	■	174L	175V	176R	177X	■
178C	179R	■	180E	181V	182B	■	183H	184L	185V	186P	187N	■	188J	189L	190S	191Q	■
192W	193Y	■	194J	195B	196C	197E	198F	199L	200N	201S	202T	203U	204X	205A	206V	207R	■

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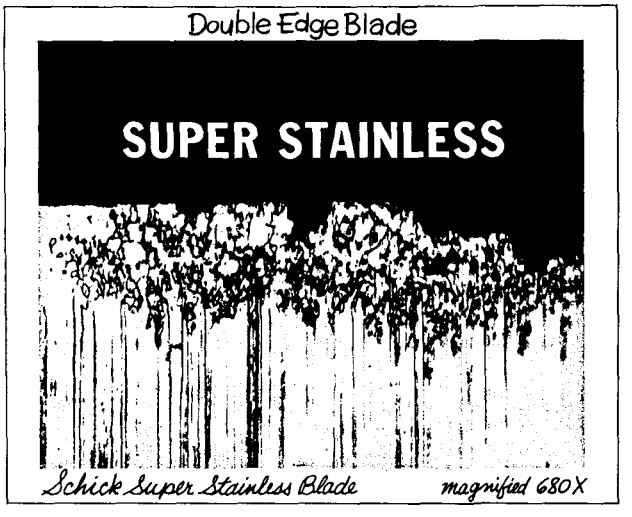
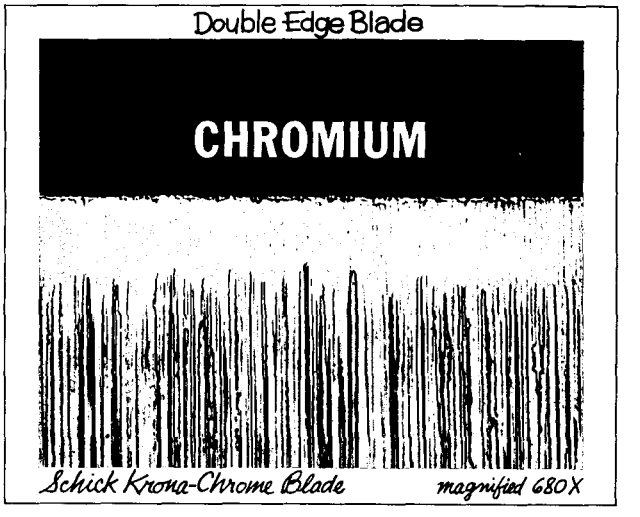
Schick® chromium out-shaves and outlasts any super stainless

(even our own)



Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

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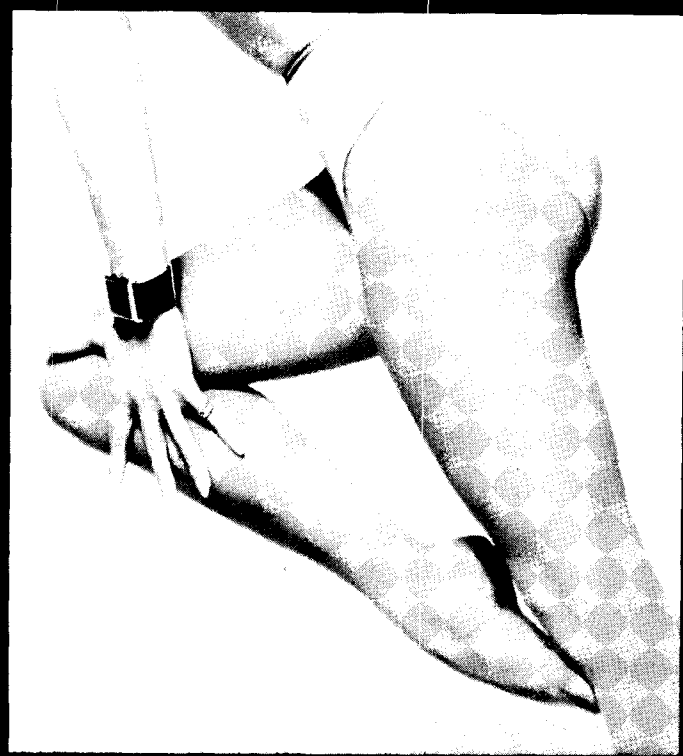

FABULOUS FREEDOM

Freedom from gaps between panty and hosiery. Freedom from garters. Freedom from continuous readjusting. The all-over cling-fit that hugs tight...feels soft... never sags, bags or wrinkles anyplace... never, never needs readjusting. Yours in panty hose, refillable panty hose...waist-hi's or hosiery...of AGILON Stretch Nylon. Your favorite brand...in newest fashion colors...at your favorite store.

AGILON

STRETCH NYLON

A Product of Deering Milliken Research Corporation, America's largest... and most productive...textile research organization

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